THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE BREHON LAWS.

Lawrence Ginnell's Interesting Book on the Early Civilization of Ireland.

The Senchus Mor—The Classification of Society.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The most archaic system of the law and jurisprudence of Western Europe of which any record now exists is that commonly known as the Brehon Laws, which were in force among the early Irish for perhaps a thousand years before the Christian era. The Brehon Laws is not their real name, says Mr. Lawrence Ginnell, in his new book which, however, bears that name for a title. Irish Laws, or Gaelic Laws, would be a better name for English speakers to use; but the thing meant has always been known to Gaelic speakers as Feineachus. A general term for all law, without special reference to that of Ireland was Recht. But the law of the Gaels was Feineachus. It included Cain Law, being that which was enacted or solemnly sanctioned by national assemblies, was of universal obligation, and could be administered only by professional judges; and it also included Urradhus Law, which was law relating to local matters, modified by local assemblies and by local customs, and which might be administered by the Flaiths who were not professional lawyers.

The Brehon Laws, by Mr. Lawrence Ginnell, is one of the works which opens up to the modern reader a clear view of ancient Irish civilization. While it has for its main subject the ancient laws, it diverges in many ways at times and brings before us the classification of society and many ancient customs that really do not come under the prime heading of the book. The work is a popular exposition of the early laws of Ireland, written in a clear, distinct style, omitting nothing that is relevant to the subject as a whole, while singularly free from those technical expressions which are commonly found in handbooks proper. The author makes it plain from the outset that the work is written by an Irishman who is a Nationalist in the truest sense of the word, and who takes a pride in his country and its traditions. At the same time he never departs from that judicial impartiality which the reader has a right to expect from a legal gentleman who essays to instruct the ordinary mortal in laws either ancient or modern.

A glance at the contents table of this neat volume shows at once that the laws made and enforced by our ancestors must have been of a very minute character, as they deal not only with all the relations of social life, but even with the family circle itself. The text bears out this conclusion in the amplest manner. It is not their comprehensive character, however, which is the most striking feature of these ancient laws in the estimation of the modern student. It is rather their great antiquity—an antiquity which goes further back, as Mr. Ginnell shows, than the laws and jurisprudence of any country in Western Europe. If their antiquity suggests of itself that our ancestors in the prehistoric times were more civilized than the neighboring nations—who had no laws worthy of the name until centuries after the Irish system had been brought to considerable perfection—the nature and the principles of the Brehon Laws leave no doubt whatsoever that these laws were only possible among a people who had raised themselves without external aid or suggestion to a high state of civilization. It is perfectly safe to come to the conclusion that with the evolution of the Brehon Laws from a simple to a very complex system, civilization also advanced in a corresponding degree. From the modern standpoint, the ancient Irish civilization may seem crude and imperfect. But, as Mr. Ginnell points out, that civilization cannot be judged by modern standards. It was the growth of the times and was suitable for the circumstances of the people. For the age in which it was developed it was distinctly advanced, and the civilizations of other European countries, excepting that of Greece, perhaps, were non-existent when Irish civilization was advanced. The Brehon Laws existed for a thousand years prior to the coming of Christ and existed for at least fifteen hundred years after. Where is the nation of antiquity that can show a better record than that?

The reader will not have dipped very deeply into Mr. Grinnell's intensely interesting work before he will ask himself, how is it that so much attention has been paid to the semi-chaotic Ireland of the past six hundred years or so, while so little has been devoted to the Ireland of the two thousand years that preceded? The popular impression that all that can be known of Pagan Ireland is enshrouded in the mystic legends, which are regarded somewhat in the light of fairy tales, is altogether unjustifiable. How erroneous this impression is can be gathered quickly from Mr. Ginnell' "Brehon Laws." These laws are no legends. They speak eloquently of a living civilization, of a high order of intellectual culture, and of a prolonged period of national progress, which cannot be contemplated without pride by the true Irishman of to-day. As Mr. Ginnell says, "The charge of having been produced or tinged by imagination cannot be brought against the laws, rules and customs which actually controlled the daily lives, conduct and destinies of our ancestors, and under which they labored, fought, played, and prayed, as occasion demanded. These remains represent what were once the realities of life; and the knowledge and study of them must with absolute certainty help, so far as they go, to dispel the mist of years. And while one reads, if perchance his taste be of wider scope, he is enabled to gather incidently much archaeological information, not strictly legal, but of a kind, difficult, if at all possible, to glean from other sources, all stamped here with the authenticity of the law, and not less valuable for being thus given without design."

Until the coming of St. Patrick to Ireland, the Brehon Laws were not properly collated, and though written, they perhaps were not ascertained in all parts of Ireland with sufficient certainty to enable the principles underlying them to be administered in all cases with inflexibility and uniformity. When the great apostle spread the light of Christianity throughout the island, one of the first great tasks that was undertaken, was to codify and purify the ancient laws, which was done under the superintendence of St. Patrick and King Laeghaire, the Ard-Righ of Ireland. An assembly of the learned and pious was called to carry out the great work, and a committee of nine persons was appointed, who compiled the Irish institutes known as the Senchus Mor, or as Mr. Ginnell translates it, the Grand Old Law. The names of these nine are still preserved in the introduction. "Nine persons," it says, "were appointed to arrange this book, namely Patrick and Benen and Cairnech, three bishops; Laeghaire and Core and Daire, three kings; Rossa MacTrechim, a Doctor of Beirla Feini (that is the Fenian dialect of the Gaelic), and a poet; Dubhthach, a Doctor of Beiria Feini, and a poet; and Fergus the Poet." The result of the labors of this commission, if we may so call it, was the Senchus Mor. It is believed that at the time one of the monarchs, King Laeghaire, was not a Christian, and there is some doubt, as Mr. Ginnell points out, as to whether he did not die a pagan. Most people will agree with the remark that if this be so, he must have been a tolerant and broadminded man for his times.

The same remark applies to Core, King of Munster, who then had his seat in Cashel; while from the fact that Daire, who was a sub-king of Ulster, gave St. Patrick the site of Armagh to found his see, it is inferred that he became a Christian.

The three men who really did the work were the wise men, the greatest of whom was Dubhthach, or as he was called in full, Dubhthach Mac Ua Lugair, chief Brehon and Bard of Ireland, who, in the words of a later commentator on the Senchus Mor, "put a thread around it for Patrick."

The Brehon Laws Commission, appointed in 1852, has been engaged in comparing the various fragments and copies of the Senchus Mor and publishing them, and five volumes have already been issued. Mr. Ginnell, however, justly complains that some of the hands that have been engaged in that work have not been reverent ones, and some of the work, however well done from the point of Irish scholarship, has been approached in an English spirit, that English law has been set up as a model and standpoint from which to criticise adversely the ancient laws of Ireland, that introductions and glosses have been written which are out of place and impertinent to the purpose of the work for which the public money is paid.

Mr. Ginnell has with patience studied the ancient laws themselves, and he gives us with all the solidity which should distinguish the treatise of a lawyer, but with all the patriotism which should characterize an Irish writer, an account under its different heads of Ireland's ancient laws. The Senachus Mor, it must be remembered, is not a series of legislative enactments. The men who compiled it were codifiers, not legislators. They compiled the laws which existed from time immemorial, which were the result of legislation, of custom and of a hundred of these causes out of which early systems of law sprang. For notwithstanding attempts that have been made to prove the contrary, Ireland did possess legislative assemblies. Mr. Ginnell strongly differs from Dr. Joyce in his contention that the Feis of Tara was not a legislative assembly. Perhaps indeed, that assembly, as well as those of Tailltenn and Uisnach and other gatherings, were not legislative assemblies in the modern sense, but they undoubtedly discharged functions which must be regarded as legislative. The promulgation and explanation of the laws and of the changes in them were undoubtedly functions of these assemblies, and they seem to have been brought together to consult for the common weal, which is a very near approach to what would be regarded as legislative functions in these days. However, these distinctions are matters for scholars to discuss. They do not affect the existence of our ancient laws or their important character, both to the historical student and to every Irishman.

It would be impossible to enter here into any summary of the laws themselves. It would necessarily be of too brief a character to convey any idea of a system which, while being simple, is too complicated to be even fairly indicated within the limits of a review. Taken as a whole, Mr. Ginnell's book is one of the most valuable of all latter-day contributions to Irish literature. It brings the Brehon laws in their essence, and with suitable brevity and simplicity, within reach of the ordinary student to whom they were hitherto a closed book. It does more than give information as to the nature, extent and limitations of the ancient laws of Ireland. It conveys the lesson that a people whose forefathers were able to formulate such a complete code of laws, and to religiously observe them, without any resort to coercion, should be competent, if given a fair chance, to regulate their own affairs with at least equal success today, having due regard to the immense changes in the circumstances of the times. For many Irishmen Mr. Ginnell has opened up a new range of thought and a new course of study. A widespread perusal of his work will help to quicken national thought and strengthen national aspirations. He has performed a service on behalf of Ireland for which he deserves well of his countrymen, and it is to be hoped that he will be well repaid by their hearty co-operation. "The Brehon Laws" is published by T. Fisher Unwin, No. 1 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., England, and costs six shillings sterling. It is just the work for Irish reading circles and debating clubs, for it will furnish them with material enough for an entire season's work.

GLEASON OF DROMBANNY.

BY VERE V. HUNT.

The thunder of the cannon rings the leagured town around,
The dead and wounded soldiers lie in heaps upon the ground;
Again with desperate courage dash King William's fiery band
To where, behind their battlements, the hosts of Sarsfield stand.

Oh! the sun in crimson glory shone upon the bloody field
Where neither side would falter, where neither foe would yield,
The Orange and the Green flags were fluttering in the breeze
And moaning came the zephyrs through the slowly waving trees.

"Stand fast my men!" cried Sarsfield "Strike home for king and crown
And keep our banner floating o'er the walls of Limerick town!"
Vain! vain was adjuration; for like a lava tide
The hosts of the invader reach a chasm yawning wide.

Each step was then disputed, men fell at every blow,
And twice the Saxon banner lay in the gutter low,
The gutter that ran blood, as if a vintage poured its rain
Adown the slippery street-ways into the loathsome drain.

But with stolid perseverance on pressed the British van,
'Till on a shattered roof-tree uprose a single man,
'Twas Mike Gleason from Drombanny, his face was pale but brave
Like gallant seaman's sinking into the hungry wave.

He turned towards where Shannon flowed on in silver sheen,
He gazed towards distant Cratloe, clad in her mantle green,
He glanced up to the heavens, and held out gory hands,
He looked down with fierce anger upon the foeman's bands.

"Oh Shannon! mother Shannon! God made me tall and strong"
He cried, "and for your city I'll strive to right a wrong!"
Two mighty rocks he hurled upon the yelling gang,
Then from the staggering housetop upon their spears he sprang.

Crash!—Like a thunderbolt the shock went quivering van to rear
The rallying Irish on their pikes the frantic foeman bear,
"Hurrah! Hurrah for Limerick! King James shall reign again!"
The cry of victory arose and echoed far amain.

That night King James' banner waved still o'er Limerick town
And tears fell fast when in his grave they laid young Gleason down.
One of the humble heroes of whom no histories tell
Who for the love of fatherland in glorious battle fell.

Lake Excursions.

The great whaleback steamship Christopher Columbus, leaves at 9 o'clock every morning from Rush street bridge, for Milwaukee, and starts on its return trip from that city at 5 p.m. The accommodations on this boat cannot be excelled. The trip is invigorating and pleasant.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Still the Moral Conflagration Spreads Throughout the Wide Domain of the American Union.

Nebraska, Washington, Massachusetts, Montana, New Jersey, Illinois and Other States Falling Into Line With Enthusiasm.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS, CITY.

The annual picnic-demonstration held by the Clan-na-Gael Guards at Oswald's Grove on July 4 was a pronounced success. The attendance was large, and everything passed off in a pleasant manner. In addition to music and dancing, there were races and other athletic games, including a tug-of-war. At the meeting held in the afternoon, the Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, state senator, presided, and speeches were made by Messrs. D. F. Curley and William A. Cunnea. The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The experience of the last ten years has proved beyond question or doubt that the Irish parliamentarians are willing to accept the doctrine that Ireland's future place in history must be that of a British province, and

WHEREAS, We believe that the recent attempts to pass home rule bills in the British parliament were but a well planned scheme to delude a too trusting people, and to disarm their suspicion, in order that the fortunes of a discredited British party might be rebuilt, and

WHEREAS, We are confident that further recognition of the factious leaders, who are more actuated by personal ambition than animated by love of Ireland, can only lead to further demoralization and apathy among Irish Nationalists; therefore we do

Resolve, That we hereby, as friends of Ireland's freedom, express our total distrust of, and disbelief, in parliamentary agitation, and hereby pledge our undivided support to the new movement projected by the proposed Irish Congress soon to be held in the United States, having for its object the formulation of a policy by which the entire independence of Ireland may be achieved; provided, however, that said movement positively condemns parliamentary agitation and refuses support to selfish politicians who barter their country's rights for British political favors for themselves or others.

FROM SOUTH OMAHA, NEB.

At a recent meeting of the Sarsfield Club of South Omaha, Neb., the following were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been brought to our notice that the Irish-Americans of this country will soon assemble in convention for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence, independent of all parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, In reviewing the work of parliamentary agitation in Ireland, we look upon it as detrimental to the cause of Irish liberty, and a chief factor in destroying the national spirit of Iris patriotism and independence; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Sarsfield Club of South Omaha, Neb., do hereby heartily indorse the New Movement, and pledge our aid both morally and financially to the policy the convention may adopt; and be it further

Resolved, That we desire the hearty co-operation of all true Irishmen who wish to see their fair motherland free from the chains of tyranny and oppression which have bound her for centuries, and also to see the flag of liberty and independence raised above her legislative halls once more.

FROM SEATTLE, WASH.

The following resolutions were adopted at a public meeting in Sylvan Grove, Seattle, State of Washington, held under the auspices of the Irish-American Club, on the 16th ult.:

That as citizens of the United States of America, and as men of Irish birth or lineage, we are in hearty sympathy with all efforts and movements for the extension and promotion of governments of the people, by the people, and for the people in all lands and under all circumstances.

That we believe every race and every nation has not only a natural right to control and conduct its own public affairs, but that it can do so better and more satisfactorily than any other race or nation for it or in place of it.

That all pretense or claim of one land to the right to govern another is against the natural rights of man, and should be denied and resisted everywhere and at all times.

That we send hearty greetings to the patriots of Cuba who are gallantly struggling to win the independence of their beautiful island, and earnestly pray for their success.

That in the effort which Ireland is making for home rule too much reliance is placed on parliamentary agitation and maneuvering, and upon the friendship and support of so-called liberal politicians.

That the history of the relations between England and Ireland demonstrates to a certainty that popular demands which are not supported by preparations for civil war receive no serious consideration from the British government. That it behooves the people of Ireland to make ready for the day when England's difficulties shall afford the opportunity of striking an effective blow for the only genuine home rule—the independence of their country and the establishment of an Irish republic.

That in the meantime public exhibitions of factional strife and petty selfishness should be discountenanced and suppressed, and the participants therein should be avoided and branded as enemies of their race. That whilst such exhibitions continue, the friends of Ireland in America will feel mortified and disheartened, and will withhold all material support from movements discredited by such incompetence and misconduct. That the striking events of the times are prophetic of danger to England, and should inspire Irishmen to unite the forces of their native country for the attainment of its long-cherished aspirations.

That we hail with satisfaction the calling of a convention of Irish-Americans to inaugurate a movement for Irish independence which shall not be connected with parliamentary agitation, and that we pledge to this movement our hearty aid and co-operation.

These declarations are signed on behalf of the club by J. P. Sweeney, president, and W. K. Fitzgerald, secretary.

FROM FALL RIVER, MASS.

At a meeting of the Shields Literary Association of Fall River, Mass., held on Monday, June 24, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The convention to be called in the near future of the Irish race in America to adopt some method besides parliamentary agitation, receives our hearty sympathy and indorsement; and

WHEREAS, We consider that parliamentary agitation is demoralizing to the Irish people and destructive of Ireland's nationhood; therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby request the co-operation of all Irishmen who desire the complete emancipation of motherland from English rule, and of all Irish societies and organizations, whether benevolent, social, literary, patriotic, military, temperance, athletic or otherwise.

Committee on resolutions: Hugh McGraw, John J. McNally, Miles Byrne.

FROM ANACONDA, MONT.

At a meeting of the Phil Sheridan Club, Anaconda, Mont., held on June 26, the following passed unanimously:

WHEREAS, A convention of the Irish-Americans has been proposed for the purpose of organizing a new movement for Irish independence by means outside of parliamentary agitation; and

WHEREAS, Every measure put forward by the Irish representatives in the English parliament during the past century has been treated with little or no consideration or thrown out bodily by the house of lords; it is hereby

Resolved, That we heartily approve the proposed convention and the inauguration of a New Movement for the freedom of Ireland, and pledge our moral and financial aid to whatever policy the convention may adopt.

Committee: Capt. W. M. Kelly, Hugh Daly, Garret Kirby, Capt. Denis Shea, James Berry.

FROM ELIZABETH, N. J.

The Robert Emmet Club of Elizabeth, N.J., has a large membership of patriotic Irishmen and is an influential organization. They recently held an enthusiastic meeting at which the question of the government of their native country was discussed, and the sentiment of the club is expressed in the preamble and resolutions unanimously adopted, as follows:

WHEREAS, We consider that parliamentary agitation has been destructive to the Irish people; inasmuch as it has kept and is keeping them divided, without furnishing a ray of hope pointing toward the happiness of freemen; therefore be it

Resolved, That we congratulate the Irish-American people on the New Movement being inaugurated. That we approve of the proposed convention, and hail with delight any opportunity to participate in a real movement for Irish freedom; and be it further

Resolved, That we earnestly solicit the co-operation of all Irishmen who are in favor of the complete emancipation of motherland from English rule, and of all Irish societies and organizations, whether beneficial, social, literary, patriotic, military, temperance, athletic or otherwise.

Committee: Daniel Fallon, John J. Gardner, Jeremiah Canty, Patrick H. Shannon, John J. Loftus, Michael O'Brien, Michael Connolly.

SOUTH OMAHA NATIONALISTS.

At a meeting of the Irish Nationalists of South Omaha, Neb., to commemorate the 131st anniversary of the birth of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, A convention of representative Irishmen, irrespective of creed, class or politics, is about to be called in the near future, in the United States, to formulate a plan for the best practical means to accomplish the independence of Ireland; and

WHEREAS, We hail with delight the contemplated union of the friends of Ireland who are animated by the principles that inspired the United Irishmen and the Fenians; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Irish Nationalists of South Omaha await with pleasure the proposed New Movement to further the cause of Irish independence, and we pledge ourselves to stand by the decision of the convention in whatever policy it adopts, and we guarantee our support thereto.

Daniel Hannon acted as chairman, James Costello secretary and the following as a committee on resolutions: Patrick Hyland, George Parks, John Foley, Thomas Dowling, Martin Hannigan, James Roach, Lawrence Noonan, Mike Hannigan, Daniel Egan, J. O'Neil and Jerry Howard.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

OBITUARY.

OFFICER JOHN M'INNERNEY.

It is with the sincerest sorrow THE CITIZEN announces the sudden death of its old and esteemed friend, Officer John McInnerney, of the Metropolitan force, which occurred at his home on Portland avenue, in this city, last Sunday afternoon, the immediate cause being valvular disease of the heart. John McInnerney was born in Ireland about fifty-one years ago, and came to the United States in early manhood, settling in Chicago. He joined the police force in 1873 and his record is an enviable one. His last station was at Twenty-second street, and he was, for some years, guardian of the railroad crossings in that district. In the performance of his duty, he saved many lives at the imminent risk of his own, and received frequent mention for his fearless bravery. He was an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist, and an extensive reader of Irish literature, and took a great interest in the movement for the revival of Gaelic. The funeral occurred on Wednesday, from the residence to All Saints' church, and thence by carriages to Mount Olivet cemetery, whither an immense cortege escorted the honored remains. Mr. McInnerney leaves a widow and several children to lament an irreparable loss.

FUNERAL OF JOHN J. M'GRATH.

The funeral of Mr. John J. McGrath took place from the Cathedral of the Holy Name Wednesday morning. High mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Fitzsimmons, assisted by Rev. Chancellor Muldoon and other clergymen. A quartette and choir sang several appropriate selections. Mme. Moyer sang "Come Unto Me." The floral offerings were many. The honorary pallbearers were N. O. Faxon, John A. King, M. W. Kerwin, P. Cavanaugh, J. Summerfield, J. B. Inderrieden, Philip Conley, P. J. Healy, Thomas Brenan and Dr. Hahn. The active pallbearers were young men members of the congregation of the Cathedral of the Holy Name. The obituary discourse was preached by Father Muldoon. A large number of prominent citizens of all creeds attended the obsequies. The interment, which was private, was at Calvary cemetery.

WHAT THE DUKE HAS COST.

The Duke of Cambridge, the queen's cousin, is one of the fat kind who have managed to pick up a decent living at the expense of the British taxpayers without that enormous amount of service that might be supposed to cover the income they receive.

He was the son of the tenth child of George III, who was created Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Tipperary and Baron Culloden, and who died in 1850. George, the second and present duke, was voted an annuity of $60,000 a year when his father died, and the orphan's path was made tolerably easy. Joseph Hume, the well-known economist, voted to reduce this amount by one-half, but could find only fifty-two members to go with him in the lobby.

The young duke was a soldier. John Bright moved to limit the duke's income to the $60,000 from all sources, but this very reasonable proposition was defeated—108 to 39. The duke graduated in army emoluments in 1839, when at 18 years of age he became a colonel. Eight years later he was a major-general, in which capacity he held some of the most lucrative posts in the service; in 1854 a lieutenant-general, and was given the command of a Crimean division; in 1856 a general on full pay, and six years later a field marshal at $22,500 a year, with the command in chief.

Every step, notably the last, was over the heads of able and veteran officers, grown gray in the country's service. In 1861 he was made colonel of the Grenadier guards, and as this greatly coveted military appointment, with its $10,660 a year, has for twenty-seven years been retained by one already overloaded with public money and honors, it can be imagined how much assistance army economists and reformers are likely to get from the head of the service.

H. R. H. also resides at Gloucester House, free of rent, rates and taxes, an immunity which must be at least worth about $10,000 a year, and this privilege he has enjoyed since 1857. The duke has also since 1852 been ranger of St. James, Green and Hyde Parks, and since 1857 ranger of Richmond park, all little pickings of salaries making a sum equal to $12,500 a year apiece, or about $65,000. Besides this he is colonel of the artillery and the engineer regiments.

To all hints that he might resign and let some other soldier have a chance at the lucrative and honorable position as head of the army, the duke has turned a deaf ear. If the British nation does not know when it has a good servant, George, Duke of Cambringe, is fully alive to the fact that he has a good master, and is in no hurry to quit.

An estimate of the amount of money the Duke of Cambridge has drawn from the British people since he did them the honor of seeking a living at their expense brings the sum total to near £700,000, or about $3,500,000. The amount that he has cost the nation by opposition to ideas of military reform is not so easily estimated. Perhaps there are two sides to that question. The salary side seems to have only one, and a well buttered one, too, for the duke.—*Boston Globe*.

HAVOC BY TEMPEST

Wild Waters Sweep Away All of Winona, Mo.

ELEVEN LIVES LOST IN THE FLOOD

Disaster That Was Like Shipwreck on Land—No Time to Get Out of the Line of the Torrent's Sweep, Which Occurs in the Night—Baxter Springs, Kan., Visited by a Cyclone That Sends Five Persons to Eternity.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., July 8.—A storm awful in its terror and total in its work of destruction has wiped out the town of Winona, on the Current river branch of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis railway in Shannon county, at 10:30 o'clock at night. It is known that eleven persons lost their lives and eight men are missing. The dead are: Rev. G. W. Duncan, Mrs. G. W. Duncan, Mattie Duncan, Mrs. Crawford (daughter of G. W. Duncan), Crawford Gert, George Nevins. Norma Nevins, little daughter of Lloyd Wright, Maggie Cannon, John Morris, and Mrs. Nevins. The bodies of Rev. G. W. Duncan, his wife and daughter, and George Nevins, Norma Nevins, and the Wright girl were recovered, but the others have not been found.

Like a Shipwreck on Land.

A slashing rain preceded by a fierce wind set in at 9 o'clock at night. While the wind ceased the rain increased intensely, until at 10 o'clock it became a warring tumult. At 10:15 four feet of water was on the streets. In fifteen minutes more the buildings could no longer stand the strain and began to careen and fall to pieces in the waters. Vivid flashes of lightning pierced the downpour, which came like the falls of Niagara. Houses were smashed and in the water were hundreds of men, women and children, dashed about like corks. It was like a shipwreck on land. Cries of terror and shouts for help from the struggling people clinging to pieces of timber made the scene one that baffled intelligent effort to save the helpless. The strong current rushing down the ravine or valley carried many to higher land and places of safety. When the torrent had to a degree subsided the men who had seen to their own families turned their attention to others, and by 3 o'clock in the morning the worst was over.

Shelter for the Unfortunates.

But those who escaped found themselves homeless, without food and nearly without clothing. As soon as the destroyed telegraphic communication was restored Mayor B. F. Evans telegraphed to this city for aid. The inhabitants of Winona are now scattered among farm houses, or have gone to neighboring towns. In all thirty buildings were destroyed, most of them being dwelling houses. The total loss is about $80,000. At places the water was twelve feet deep in Winona. It is now known that Birchtree, eight miles west of Winona, had its greatest storm at the same hour. No lives were lost there, however, but Cortes & Fisher, lumber dealers, lost $2,000 by the destruction of their building. Other buildings were slightly damaged there.

The Way the Flood Came Down.

Winona, in point of population and business, was the most important town in Shannon county. The railway that passes through the town follows a valley east and west and a deep ravine goes out northwest toward the river. Along the sides of this ravine or valley were clustered houses occupied by the families of the men who had been employed in the Ozark Lumber company's sawmill. When the clouds opened on the hills the water rushed down this ravine, carrying all before it. The railway track was torn up and residence houses and business buildings were swept along with it into the torrent.

Birchtree in Hard Luck.

At Birchtree on the morning of July 4 there was a downpour that was almost equal to a cloudburst. Great preparations had been made for a celebration, and a mammoth dinner was spread under the trees. The storm swept everything away, and many had narrow escapes from drowning. Again late in the evening there came another flood that was most disastrous in its results.

DONE BY THE DREAD CYCLONE.

Five Killed and a Number Injured in Kansas—Narrow Escape of Miners.

BAXTER SPRINGS, Kas., July 8.—Baxter Springs was laid in ruins, five people were killed and twenty others badly wounded by a twisting cyclone that struck the town at 6 p. m. A complete list of dead, is as follows: Sallie Webster, aged 70; Florence Webster, aged 35; Ralph Webster, aged 3; Thomas Shields' baby, H. Hibbs. The injured are: Mrs. Neal, both collar bones broken and internal injuries; James Neal, scalp wound and internal injuries; Roy Webster, right arm broken, right hip and left elbow dislocated; Mrs. Martha Smith, hip dislocated and internal injuries; Ella Smith, internal injuries; George A. Dicker, head injured; three members of A. Sharpe's family, badly injured; Mrs. Thomas Shields, living nine miles south, fatally injured; A. G. Hambeck, head injured.

There seem to have been two currents of wind which struck the town, one from the north and the other from the west, and they met near the M. E. church, joined forces and turned east, doing serious damage to property before meeting, but after coming together the destruction was complete. The northern current did comparatively little damage before meeting, but that from the west blew 23 freight cars from the track, reduced to kindling wood the M. E. and Christian churches, and did a varied assortment of damage to other buildings. The members of the Webster family, recently from Nebraska, the mother aged 70, daughter aged 35, and the grandson, aged 3, were killed by lightning. Another son had his leg broken and his shoulder dislocated, and will probably die. M. B. Hibbs, aged about 60, died from excitement, falling dead in one of the stores on Military street.

The western part of Lyon township had a touch of perhaps the same twister. It struck the farm and house of Thomas Shields, of Lyon, demolishing his house and barns. Mrs. Shields and two children were in the building at the time the storm struck it. One of the children, a 2-year-old babe, was killed, the other child's leg was broken and Mrs. Shields had her shoulder dislocated and is injured in her back and spine. She will die. One or two other farms in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Shields' were damaged in fences, trees, etc. W. L. Archer was found dead on the Nolan farm in Sheridan township. It is supposed that he was drowned while crossing a creek.

Forty miners at work in mine No. 47, of the Kansas and Texas Coal company at Weir City, had no knowledge of the storm until the mine was deluged with torrents of water from above. All had narrow escapes from drowning, and every mule in the mine was drowned. The rain was the most violent ever known, resembling a cloudburst, and the entire country was flooded. Reports of further fatalities seem almost certain when the roads are opened up.

CHICAGO ALSO STORM-SWEPT.

Furious Wind and Rain Closes a Hot Day—Loss of Life Rumored.

CHICAGO, July 8.—One of the most furious wind and rain storms known in this vicinity for years passed over the city early last evening. The day had been intensely hot, and there were many people out on the lake in sail boats, and as the storm came suddenly it was feared that several lives were lost. The different life-saving crews were busy all evening.

The only lives lost supposedly were those of Charles Klein, John Ross and Charles L. Shook, who were out in the lake in a rowboat and are missing, and August Brodlow, towerman on the Pan-Handle tracks at Ada street, who was fatally hurt by the tower being blown over. Lightning struck several houses in the outskirts and two small residences were blown over, but nobody hurt. Damage to telegraph and telephone wires was universal.

Dispatches are full of storm havoc. At Pine Bluff, Ark., many buildings were damaged, and news is anxiously awaited from the surrounding country. Dispatches from many points in the central and northern portions of Illinois and southern Wisconsin tell of furious storms. At Savanna, Ills., the storm almost reached the proportions of a cyclone. At Peoria several buildings were unroofed, one three-story frame block completely destroyed and much other damage done. Wires are all down at Milwaukee.

From all points the story is of damage to buildings, trees, and crops, but no loss of life is reported. In many sections of Kansas and Missouri rains amounting to cloudbursts have fallen. In Georgia at Willard's Station every house was wrecked and two negroes killed; many farm houses were also wrecked. The list of deaths will reach ten and of wounded twenty.

SIX DROWNED IN LAKE GENEVA.

Among Them the Assistant Physician of the Elgin Insane Hospital.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., July 8.—A heavy storm passed over here, which unroofed buildings and demoralized shade trees. The hail broke a large amount of glass and ruined corn, oats and what little fruit there was. The steam launch Dispatch was chartered just before the storm by a party consisting of Father Hogan and Miss Hogan, of Harvard, Ills., and a man thought to be Dr. Franz, assistant superintendent of the Elgin (Ills.) insane asylum, and his wife and child. They were caught by the storm and boat was swamped and all on board were drowned.

LATER.—The names of the drowned are as follows: Dr. John E. Hogan, assistant physician at the northern Illinois hospital for the insane; Mrs. John E. Hogan, wife of the doctor; James Hogan, aged 3, son of Dr. Hogan; Rev. Father Hogan, pastor of the Catholic church at Harvard, Ills.; Miss Hogan, of Harvard, Ills., sister of Dr. Hogan; John Preston, engineer of the launch, Lake Geneva.

SPEAKER JOHN MEYER DEAD.

Presiding Officer of the Illinois House of Representatives.

FREEPORT, July 4.—Hon. John Meyer, speaker of the lower house of the Illinois legislature, died here at 6:45 yesterday morning at the home of his father-in-law, C. O. Collman, where he had been since the close of the legislature. The end was rather unexpected, as his illness was not regarded as serious. Death was due to liver trouble and enlargement of the spleen. He was born in the kingdom of Holland, Feb. 27, 1852, went to Chicago when 18 years old, attended the public schools there and was graduated from the Northwestern university. He afterwards took a course in a college of law, and was admitted to practice in 1879. He was chosen a member of the legislature in 1884, and had served ever since. He was elected speaker of the house in January last. He married the daughter of C. O. Collman, of this city, in 1881, and his wife and one child, a daughter, survive. The remains will be interred here.

CHICAGO, July 4.—Universal regret was expressed in this city among those who knew him when the news of the death of Speaker Meyer was received. Every one had a word of praise for the dead man, and the high regard in which he was held was evidenced in many ways. The Cook county members of the legislature met at the Great Northern hotel last evening and adopted resolutions highly eulogistic of the public services and private character of the deceased. Among politicians the effect of the event on the legislature was eagerly discussed, and the general opinion was that the house would be thrown into an exciting contest for the speakership as soon as it reassembles.

Fall of a Grand Stand.

BUFFALO, July 5.—The Press Cycling club's meet at the driving park brought together a very large crowd of people, and the meet was marred by a bad accident. While the last race was in progress the grand stand collapsed, injuring nineteen of the occupants. Three sustained injuries which may result fatally. They are Frank Leymonvester, spine broken; John G. Heil, three ribs broken and internally hurt; Mrs. L. M. Eirick, both legs broken. Eight others sustained more or less severe fractures and contusions.

Zouaves Drill at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, July 6.—The feature at the interstate drill was the contest of the zouave companies. The competitors were the Hale Zouaves, of Kansas City; Neeley's Zouaves, of Memphis; Chicago Zouaves, and Walsh Zouaves. All put up very pretty drills, the tactics being on the "as you will" order, and consisting of unique and fancy movements, each company having its own specialties.

Must Serve a Term in Prison.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 6.—Kristian Kortgaard, who wrecked the State bank of Minneapolis, must serve a reformatory term in the state prison. The supreme court affirmed the sentence of the lower court. Kortgaard was once city treasurer of Minneapolis.

HELLMAN'S CRIME.

He Takes His Whole Family to Eternity with Him.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Frederick Hellmann, a well-to-do mason contractor, murdered his wife and four children and then killed himself. It was first supposed that Hellmann and his wife and children met death by accident, but it developed at the coroner's inquest that it was wholesale murder, calmly planned, and that the man intended to kill himself and end the existence of the members of his family. The dead man and his victims are: Frederick Hellmann, aged 37; Mrs. Ida Hellmann, aged 32; Fred Hellmann, Jr., 11; Ida Hellmann, 10; William Hellmann, 7; Hedwig Hellmann, 3. The motive for the crime may never be known, but it is supposed that the act was that of a madman, as Hellmann, about ten years ago, had a sun stroke, from which he never recovered completely.

Suspicion was first aroused in the morning by the fact that the house in which the Hellmanns lived was tightly closed long after the usual hour for the family to be astir. The mother and married sister of Hellmann, who lived next door, attempted to break into the house, but were unable to do so. They finally managed to force an entrance through a window that had been left unfastened, and made their way to one of the bedrooms, where the dead bodies of all the family were found. The house was so full of gas that the two women were nearly overcome, and it was only after it had been opened up that it was found possible to turn off the gas, which was streaming from an open jet.

The relatives and all the neighbors at once concluded that the deaths had been the result of an accident, and the police adhered to the same opinion. The open gas jet was just above the bed in which the mother and one of the children lay, and it was supposed that one of them had during the night accidentally hit the stop-cock and knocked it open. At the inquest, however, an entirely different complexion was given to the affair by Charles, the brother of Hellmann, who produced a letter written by the murderer and suicide late on the previous evening, in which he clearly stated his purpose of killing himself.

He gave no intimation of the fact, however, that he was meditating the death of his family also. He spoke of the window through which the women had crawled as the only way in which his brother could gain admission to the house, and said that he had left it open for that purpose. The brother did not receive the letter until the afternoon, and went directly to the inquest.

Inter-Collegiate Prohibitionists.

CLEVELAND, July 5.—At the convention of the inter-collegiate Prohibition convention the first business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, Clay Herrick of Berea college, Kentucky; vice president, F. W. Barber of the University of Wisconsin; treasurer, Fred S. Nave, now of Ohio university, but who will go to the Northwestern university at Evanston, Ills., next year. The secretary is to be elected by the executive committee on the recommendation of the convention. John Elliott of the Yale Law school was suggested for the place.

Last Shot in the Schuetzenfest.

GLENDALE PARK, L. I., July 9.—The last shot of the big Schuetzenfest was fired at 7 o'clock last night and when the cannon's smoke had cleared away the schuetzens shook each other's hands and hoped they would meet again at the fest of '98, which may possibly be held in San Francisco. George Helm, of San Francisco, won on the ring target, Gus Zimmerman on the American standard, and Miss May Clinton won a silver and gold medal on the point target. She is from Buffalo. There were dozens of silver and gold medals distributed.

Kentucky Populistic Ticket.

LOUISVILLE, July 6.—The Populist state convention declared for free silver and nominated the following tickst: Governor, Thomas L. Pettit, of Daviess; lieutenant governor, John J. Blair, of Nicholas; treasurer, M. R. Gardiner, of Hardin; auditor, C. H. Dean, of Woodford; register of the land office, J. E. Quicksall, of Wolf; attorney general, S. M. Priton, of Hart; secretary of state, Don Singletary, of Hickman; United States senator, Clarence S. Bate, of Jefferson.

The Christian Endeavor Convention.

BOSTON, July 9.—The reception committees of the Christian Endeavor convention have received their assignments. Today the first of the big delegations is expected, when the Endeavorers from Michigan, 600 strong, and the Pennsylvania delegation, numbering 2,000, will arrive. Tomorrow will be the day of days. Delegations from all sections of the Union will then pour into the Hub on half a hundred excursion trains.

Three Dead by a Boiler Explosion.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 6.—The Journal's Howard (S. D.) special says: J. D. Lawson, senior member of the firm of J. D. Lawson & Co., proprietors of the mill wrecked by the explosion Tuesday, died from the effects of his injuries. The list of dead is now three.

Professor Moore Takes Charge.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Professor Willis L. Moore of Chicago, the newly appointed chief of the weather bureau, has taken charge of his new office.

THE DEATH RECORD.

EDWARD B. HARPER, president Mutual Reserve Fund Life association, at New York.

JOSEPH P. SKELLY, well-known composer and song writer, at New York.

JOHN F. BLAKE, pioneer of Bureau county, Ills., at Princeton, Ills.

EDWIN O. SEYMOUR, well-known Board of Trade man, at Chicago.

ALEXANDER HESLER, oldest photographer in Chicago.

General JOSEPH HOLLMAN, prominent citizen of Nebraska, at Emerson, Neb.

Mrs. BARTLEY CAMPBELL, widow of the playwright, at Pittsburg, Pa.

W. H. KING, prominent real estate man of Rockford, Ills.

Major E. D. MURREY, veteran of the civil war, at Chicago.

Lieutenant Colonel JAMES HINTON, at Ringgold Barracks, Tex.

JOHN J. MCGRATH, retired capitalist, at Chicago.

JEREMIAH TAYLOR, well-known banker, at Mount Vernon, Ills.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

FREEPORT, Ills., July 6.—Telegrams of condolence from nearly every county in Illinois came to the widow of Speaker Meyer, and a number of beautiful floral tributes were received from friends throughout the state. The remains of the dead speaker were buried yesterday afternoon. Brief services were conducted at the Collman residence by Rev. E. P. Hill, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Freeport, and Rev. Dr. John Mueller, president of the Presbyterian college at German Valley, Ills. A selected quartette rendered the music. Before the service an opportunity was given the friends from Chicago and other cities to view the remains for the last time. Friends were present from all parts of the state to the number of several hundred.

A train from Chicago brought down a large number of people to do honor to the dead citizen. Among those from the World's fair city was Mayor Swift, Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gill were in attendance, as were also a large number of legislators from the central and southern part of the state. The active pall-bearers were: Oscar E. Heard, state's attorney and a classmate of the speaker; Postmaster F. Charles Donohue, O. L. Schulte, H. J. Moogk, Alfred Frued and Louis Karcher, the latter of Chicago, all personal friends of the deceased.

The honorary pall-bearers were: Senators Munson, Aspinwall, Fisher, O'Brien, Willoughby, Mahoney and Bartling, and Representatives McCarthy, Stoskopf, Shanahan, Muir, Slade, Schubert, Hogan, Dudley, Curley, Mahoney, Brannen, Callahan, Needles, Berry, Crafts, Cochran, Mauritzon and J. W. White, of Whiteside. Grand Regent John Kiley, of the Royal Arcanum, and a large delegation of that order from Chicago attended the funeral, as did also the Freeport councils.

ILLINOIS SPEAKERSHIP FIGHT.

Indications That the Governor Will Take a Hand for Cochran.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 9.—Another complication in the fight for the speakership developed late last evening. When Cochran came here at the opening of the extra session he said in an interview that he was in favor of acting on every subject mentioned in the governor's call. Last night a member of the state administration had a conference with some of Cochran's backers, which friends of of other candidates take to mean that Altgeld is taking a hand in the fight. They say it is to the governor's interest to have a man for speaker who is willing to back his views, and so the governor is doing all he can for Cochran.

Will Neither Deny Nor Affirm.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 5.—Regarding a story in the Chicago papers of alleged bribery of members of the legislature, and that Governor Altgeld had sufficient evidence against fifteen members to send them to the penitentiary, and that a special session of the Sangamon county grand jury would be convened to consider the cases, Governor Altgeld declined to affirm or deny the truth of the story. He says there is plenty of time for him to talk when the matter is ready for publication, if ever that time arrives.

Brings Suit for Libel.

GALENA, Ills., July 8.—Mrs. Mary Ward Smith has instituted suit in the circuit court against Robert J. Garner, a dealer in shoes, for libel. The plaintiff, it is alleged, owed Garner $7.50. After having made several presentations of the bill Garner displayed prominently in his store a poster which read: "Mrs. Mary Smith owes me $7.50." An itemized copy of the bill followed. Mrs. Smith sues for $3,000.

Illinois at the Atlanta Show.

SPRINGFIELD, July 9.—Governor Altgeld has appointed the following to represent Illinois at the International Cotton States exposition at Atlanta, Ga., September, 1895: A. S. Trude and George Schneider, Chicago; Captain William P. Halliday, Cairo. Willis Abbott, of Chicago, is named as secretary of the commission.

Illinois Encampment Begins.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 8.—A seven weeks' encampment of the Illinois National Guard has begun at Camp Lincoln, near this city. The Second regiment and Cavalry troop A, of Chicago have arrived and will remain in camp a week.

Representative Remann Better.

VANDALIA, Ills., July 5.—Congressman Remann's condition has improved somewhat. Mr. Remann has exhibited wonderful vitality throughout his illness, and on this Dr. Hughes bases his only hope.

Cases of Smallpox Reported.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 5.—The state board of health reports two cases of smallpox at Mound City, Pulaski county; two cases at Villa Ridge, Pulaski county, and three cases at Aurora, Kane county.

Notes of the State.

Samuel Wilson secured a verdict at Springfield, Ills., against the Mobile and Ohio railroad for $5,000 damages for injuries received in a grade crossing accident.

George Masten and Elmer Young were held at Tuscola, Ills., charged with attempting to wreck an Illinois Central train June 24.

Joseph Greer fell from a water tank at Rushville, Ills., and crushed his skull so badly he died shortly afterward.

The dome of the Illinois state fair building for farm and orchard products will be that of the World's fair horticultural building.

Mrs. Ida Johnson, charged with the murder of her husband, has been found guilty of manslaughter at Galesburg, Ills., and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Death of Engineer Eads' Widow.

NEW YORK, July 9.—Mrs. James S. Eads, the widow of the celebrated engineer, is dead. Mrs. Eads, who was 74 years old, was a daughter of Dr. Hegeman, of Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Failure at Sioux City.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 9.—August Anderson, one of the leading furniture dealers of Sioux City, has assigned. Liabilities, $83,000; assets about the same.

BRYAN REPLIES TO A HEARER

Who Was Inclined to Think Statesmen Could Change Their Minds.

CINCINNATI, July 8.—Hon. W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, spoke on bimetallism upon the invitation of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. He spoke fully two hours to an audience most of which was not in sympathy with him. The applause of his distinctive free coinage arguments came from the workingmen. Nevertheless the entire audience gave him profoundly respectful and admiring attention, and greeted some brilliant passages in his speech with great applause.

A gold standard interlocutor in the audience gave him frequent opportunity for brilliant repartee. He criticised Secretary Carlisle's five propositions made at Bowling Green and made his usual direct argument. An interlocutor in the audience said: "Statesmen may change their minds." Bryan replied: "They may change their hearts, but having once uttered an eternal truth they cannot make it follow them in their false meanderings."

HEAVY FAILURE AT CHICAGO.

Dernberg, Glick & Hornor, of the "Leader," Go to the Wall.

CHICAGO, July 5.—The firm of Dern berg, Glick & Hornor, proprietors of the "Leader" store, have failed. The stock, fixtures, lease, teams, and other property of the firm are in the hands of the creditors on chattel mortgages securing claims aggregating $225,000. An inventory of the stock is expected to show a valuation of $400,000 or $450,000. The National Bank of Illinois, this city, is the principal creditor, holding nearly all the chattel mortgages. The attorneys of the concern said that in their opinion the firm would in a short time be able to resume. It employed 450 people, and it is claimed did a business aggregating $2,000,000 a year.

CALLAPSE OF A BRIDGE.

Four Fatally Hurt and Forty More Injured—Town a Hospital.

GOSHEN, July 5.—The sidewalk of the iron bridge at Bristol, ten miles north of Goshen, fell with 100 people, who were watching tub races on the St. Joseph river. Forty persons were hurt, many seriously. The town is a hospital.

Those most seriously hurt were: Dr. C. E. Dutton, Clyde Trumbull, Mrs. Albert Strong and Herbert Nicholson. These may die. There are fully forty others who sustained more or less serious cuts and bruises, but will recover. The scene immediately after the collapse of the bridge was one of the wildest excitement.

Riot at a Parade.

BOSTON, July 5.—The Fourth of July parade of the patriotic societies of Boston and vicinity at East Boston ended in a pitched battle between some of the paraders and the spectators, in which sticks, stones, and revolvers were used with fatal effect. John W. Wills, a laborer, was shot and instantly killed; Michael Boyle had his head split open by a club, and now lies dying; a young man named Stewart had his nose cut off with a sabre; Patrick Kelley sustained a severe scalp wound, and officer A. S. Bates was hit in the mouth by a brick thrown by an unknown person and lost several teeth, besides suffering from severe lacerations.

Another Girl.

BUZZARDS' BAY, Mass., July 8.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland a girl, at 4:30 p. m. yesterday. Mother and child are doing well. Mr. Cleveland is hard to see, but those who have seen him say he looks satisfied, although it is an open secret that a boy would not have been unwelcome.

Educators in Council.

DENVER, July 9.—The National Educational association spent the day in listening to papers and addresses on educational methods. Normal schools was the subject for the afternoon session, and the discussion was very animated and general.

Costly Fire at Duluth.

DULUTH, July 8.—The big warehouse of the Union Dock company, filled with merchandise, was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about $150,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, July 8.

Money on call easy at 1@1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3 per cent. Sterling exchange strong, with actual business in bankers' bills at 485¾@489 for demand and 488¼@489 for sixty days; posted rates 489@490½ and 490@490½ commercial bills, 488.

Silver certificates 67¼@67¾; no sales; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars 53½.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg., 124; do. coupons, 124; 5's reg., 116½; 5 coupons, 116½; 4's reg., 113; 4's coupons, 113½; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, July 8.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—July, opened 69c, closed 66½c; September, opened 71½c, closed 67¾; June, opened 73¾c, closed 69½c. Corn—July, opened 44½c, closed 42½c; September, opened 44¾c, closed 43¾c; May, opened 37c, closed 35¾c. Oats—July, opened 24¼c, closed 23½c; September, opened 24c, closed 22¾c; May, opened 27¾c, closed 26¼c. Pork—July, nominal, closed $11.85; September, opened $12 17½, closed, $12.00. Lard—July, nominal, closed $6.40.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 16½c per lb; extra dairy, 13@14c; packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 10½c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 12@14c per lb.; hens, 10c; roosters, 5c; turkeys, 7½@8½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $3.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—New, 65@85 per bu.; strawberries—Racine, $1.00@2.00 per 16-qt. case. Blackberries, Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per 24-qt. case. New apples—$1.00@2.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 8.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 25,000; sales ranged at $3.75@4.90 pigs, $4.85@5.25 light, $4.75@4.95 rough packing, $4.85@5.30 mixed, and $5.00@5.42½ heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; quotations ranged at $3.40@4.85 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.75@5.30 good to choice do., $4.10@4.85 fair to good, $3.50@4.10 common to medium do., $3.40@3.85 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.15 stockers, $3.30@4.00 feeders, $1.70@3.70 cows, $2.50@4.40 heifers, $2.25@3.80 bulls, $2.60@4.40 Texas steers, $3.30@5.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 8,000; sales ranged at $2.50@4.35 westerns, $1.50@3.80 Texans, $1.75@4.20 natives, and $2.75@6.00 lambs.

Toledo Grain.

TOLEDO, July 8.

Wheat—Cash and July, 69½c; August, 69½c; September, 67½c. Corn—Cash, 44c. Oats—July and September, 24½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, July 3.

Thousands of Epworth leaguers still remain at Chattanooga seeing the sights, although the convention closed Sunday.

A watermelon train was wrecked close by a negro church near Richmond, Va. The congregation adjourned.

New York surgeons removed a man's pectoral arch—collar bone, shoulderblade and arm—and the man lives.

French troops have occupied the territory of Amapa, Rio Janeiro.

Duluth will have a steel plant July 10 employing 300 men.

Jacobins were so disorderly in Rio Janeiro that the police were called upon to disperse the mobs.

General Gomez, Cuban insurgent leader, is said to be marching on Santa Clara with 10,000 men.

The graduating class at Dartmouth college appropriated by night the wooden hands of the big college clock, and divided them into sixty-eight pieces, one for each member of the class.

Thursday, July 4.

After considering the case three hours the jury at Buffalo declared Bob Fitzsimmons guiltless of the death of Con Riordan and Bob is a free man.

The report that Professor Moore, now forecaster of the weather at Chicago, will succeed Harrington as head of the weather bureau at Washington is confirmed.

A syndicate of New York capitalists has purchased street railway, water works and gas and electric light plants of Charleston, W. Va.

San Antonio, Tex., voted to issue $100,000 twenty-year gold bonds to pay judgments against the city.

Canada's criminal code is to be so amended as to include poolrooms that accept bets on races in the United States.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis was elected an honorary member of the Confederate Veterans' association, of Savannah, Ga.

Judge Dundy, of the United States district court, who was injured at Hot Springs, S. D., was removed to his Omaha home.

Friday, July 5.

Two lives were lost by the burning of the Sagamore hotel block at Lynn, Mass.—Henry F. Hicks and James H. Winslow, 57 and 68 years old respectively, and both employes of the L. A. May company.

The Gayoso Hotel company, of Memphis, Tenn., made an assignment. Liabilities, $185,000; assets, the same amount.

Dr. Benjamin Snodgrass, aged 78, was fatally injured in a runaway accident west of Muncie, Ind.

The proposed mining exposition to be held in Denver, Colo., has been dropped.

John A. Smith, 21, killed his father, Martin H. Smith, in a quarrel at Leavenworth, Kan.

Sixteen families were made homeless by a fire at Rankin Station, Pa. The loss is $15,000.

Dr. Brown returned to Waycross, Ga., after an absence of twenty-five years, to find his wife married to another man. She refused to leave her second husband and Brown left broken-hearted.

Professor Moore has taken charge of the weather bureau at Washington.

Saturday, July 6.

The headless body of J. C. Alsop, a printer, was found at Socorro, N. M. He is the third printer decapitated there mysteriously since 1883.

Charles P. Coates, wealthiest barber in Tiffin, O., has been given five days' notice to leave the town. The notifiers are union barbers.

At Tarrytown, N. Y., Carlyle W. Barron mistook in the darkness an unknown woman for a skunk, and shot her dead.

The case of Harry Hayward, murderer of Catherine Ging at Minneapolis, will not be disposed of finally until October.

Theodore Cushing, who killed Thomas King, his farm hand, at Spokane, Wash., has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

Mount Vesuvius celebrated the Fourth by opening a new fissure and pouring fourth a dense stream of lava.

Magistrate Hause, of Jeffersonville, Ind., broke the Fourth of July record by marrying sixteen couples.

High Gutemalan officers are charged with stealing $3,000,000 from the government.

Monday, July 8.

Fire at Oswego, N. Y., destroyed property valued at $100,000. Mrs. Bond is missing and supposed to have perished in the flames.

Ex-State Senator Mitchell, of Caswell county, N. C., has disappeared, heavily involved and charged with robbing trust funds.

Queen Victoria is sitting for a portrait representing her in the act of placing a wreath on the coffin of Sir John Thompson, the late Canadian premier.

Captain Howgate has been admitted to bail pending the decision of his case by the supreme court.

The Lady Lee, a Mississippi river steamer, sank at the head of Island No. 40 and seven persons were drowned as follows: Harry Robinson, boat's baker; Mamie Stewart, colored deck passenger; Peter Watson, barber; William Whitesides; Mary Winder, colored deck passenger; —— Ady, roustabout; preacher, name unknown, of Osceola, Kas.

Mayor Starkweather, of West Superior, Wis., is to be tried by the city council on charges of malfeasance in office.

General Le Chambre, a Spanish commander in Cuba, committed suicide because reproved for his drunkenness and tyranny.

The Great Value

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla to me is beyond estimate. For 2 years I have been in poor health, taking medicine all the time with little benefit. In the winter I had a severe attack of rheumatism and thought I should never get rid of it. Since taking five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am like a new person.

MRS. LIZZIE SHAFFER, Riverton, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

SAIL, LITTLE BOAT.

Sail, little boat, sail out of the bay
To the radiant west,
Swift as a bird. To my dear heart say
That love is best.

Bear him a message, a message sweet
(My heart thy freight),
And haste where the surge and the shallows meet
At the golden gate.

Speed fast away with enchanted crew
And snow white wings,
For peace and joy are aboard of you
And a soul that sings.

What though the wind and the wave divide
And the way is long.
The currents of ocean are deep and wide,
But love is strong.
—Myra in Chambers' Journal.

THE SQUATTER.

The rain was beating furiously against the windows, and the wind raging boisterously without. Instinctively we drew our chairs closer to the fire, which was blazing pleasantly on the hearth.

Dr. Hapley had dropped in to spend the evening.

"My," said he, "but this is a terror! It reminds me of a night I experienced out west a few years ago. An interesting romance was begun that night, with a sequel too. Did I ever tell you about it?"

I assured him that he had not, and he continued:

"It was in the late fall in southern Nebraska, where I had gone to oversee the putting in of the winter wheat for the next year's crop. I had not been to the farm since the previous season, the land having been left in charge of a local agent during the interim. After reaching the section and looking over the ground I had intended to go out among the neighbors to secure my renters for the season.

"There was a little four room house on the place, painted and in fairly good condition, a good well and a number of sheds which served for stable, granary and other necessary purposes. As there was no resident tenant a quantity of grain had been stored in the house, which was then locked, while the sheds were left empty, it being deemed unwise to leave anything of value exposed to the cupidity of 'movers,' who might chance to pass that way.

"It was nearing sundown when I came in sight of the place. I was much surprised to see a stream of smoke curling from the chimney, and as I dfove nearer other evidences of habitation were manifested. A wagon stood in the space between the house and the sheds, while from one of the latter the heads of two horses protruded inquiringly, as if to ask on what errand I had come into their lonely neighborhood. Near the wagon stood a 'sod cutter,' and near that was a wheat drill, all a little the worse for exposure, but still apparently in good condition.

"As I drew closer my attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who had come from the other side of the house and now stood, arms akimbo, watching me. He wore no hat, and his long hair was somewhat unkempt, although an effort seemed to have been made at tidiness. His face was clean and had evidently been washed in the little tin basin which stood on a bench at the corner of the house. His feet were bare, he wore no coat or vest, and his trousers hung by some invisible means of support around his waist, clinging to a shirt of a faded and now indistinguishable color.

"He made a striking picture indeed, standing there in the midst of his lonely surroundings, and with the setting sun for a background.

"As I approached the house he came forward to meet me.

"'How d'ye do, stranger?' said he. 'Are you the owner of this place? I heard you was a-coming.'

"My surprise was turned to amazement by his cool, matter of fact manner.

"'Well, yes, I am, and what are you doing here?' I put the question as politely as circumstances and my feelings permitted.

"'Well, it's this way,' he began. 'You see, after you was here last year, along in the fall, when it was getting cold weather, there was a woman come along with four or five little children, and she didn't have no place to stay, and so she comes to me and asked me if she couldn't get into this house here if no one would take her. I had the Tanner farm up here then and was doing pretty well, so I inquired among the neighbors, and we agreed that she should come in here, only we knowed there was grain stored, and we made her promise not to take any. So we knocked open the door and cleaned the place up for her as best we could and moved her in. Then, two or three weeks ago, I lost my farm. Tanner wanted to move on to it himself, and I had to get out. So I come down and told Mrs. Brown—that was the woman's name—how I was fixed, and that since I had helped her in her bad luck she would have to help me in mine, and for her to move out and go over to the next county for this winter, and I would move in here. She seed as how that was square, one good turn deserving another, and she moved out, and I moved in, and so, you see, that's how I come to be here.'

"'But I have treated you white, stranger, and if you will look around you will see that I have taken good care of things for you. I ain't touched any of your grain, and I have fixed up the place quite a bit, propping up a place here and nailing on a board there and fixing what needed fixing whenever I saw it. But your horses look tired. Won't you put them up and stop here for the night? I will fix a place for them around by the stable. I've got my own on the inside, and there's only two stalls, but they will do just as well outside, and I can give you a good place to sleep in the house.'

"It was a novel proceeding, this being asked by a squatter on my own farm to be his guest at my own fireside, as it were, but as I had intended remaining in the neighborhood for the night, and as there was something about the man that I rather liked I accepted his invitation.

"The man, Martin Conyus he said was his name, was 'batching it,' as he expressed it, but he was able to spread before us a really tempting meal of well cooked and hearty food and did not seem to lack experience in cookery, whatever may have been his abilities in other directions.

"The grain was stored in two rooms, and of the other two one was fitted up as a dining room, kitchen and living room. There was a rag carpet on the floor and a few books and other evidences of civilization on the table. The other was used as a bedroom. It was furnished with a comfortable bed, a chair or two, a faded carpet and one or two old rugs. There were also a dresser and a looking glass, although I could not but wonder what purpose the latter could serve, unless it was to furnish, in his reflection, a companion for him in his dreary winter days.

"A thunderstorm had been gathering, and by the time supper was finished it broke forth in all its fury, as only a thunderstorm can on a wild western prairie. The rain came down with a rush and roar, while the sky was at times livid with lightning. But notwithstanding this my host was for talking business. We had settled ourselves in our chairs and had lighted our pipes for a comfortable smoke when he broached the subject.

"'I suppose,' said he, 'you are looking for some one to put in your wheat this fall. Well, I am just fixed for it. You see, I have got a good team, a sod cutter and a drill and have a little money in the bank, so I can hire help if I have to, and besides, you see, I am all settled here. Now,' as though his engagement was already agreed upon, 'do you want to have it put in by the acre or on shares?'

"For my part I wasn't quite as ready to talk business as my host, so I told him that I would rather have a little time to think it over, and before making a proposition to him I would like to wait until the next day, when I could look around a bit to see what condition things were in and could tell just what I wanted done.

"Nothing further was said about the matter for some minutes, when I suggested that as it was such a bad night outside I would like to see that my horses were all right and sufficiently protected from the storm.

"'All right; just as you say,' said my host. 'You'll find a lantern here in the corner. Only, remember, don't turn my horses outside, because, if you do, there'll be trouble.'

"This last remark did not sound particularly friendly, but I did not think much about it at the time, but lit the lantern and made my way to the stable, near which I found my team where I had left it.

"I went into the shed, where I moved things around a little, and in doing so made room for my horses, where they would not interfere with those of my host, and brought them in. Tying them securely, I left them out of the storm. I then moved my buggy to a more sheltered place and returned to the house.

"As I went in Conyus was seated in a chair at the opposite side of the table, looking rather sullen, I thought. I put out the lantern and took a chair across the table from him, making some remark about the weather as I did so, but he made no reply.

"Presently he looked up and said:

"'Stranger, me and you ain't very good friends, I reckon. Here I ask you to come and stop with me for the night in a nice dry place, out of the storm, and then you refuse to rent me the place that I have taken good care of for you. You needn't say you ain't, because I can see you don't want to, or else you would have gone ahead and settled on the bargain when we were talking about it. And then, as if that tain't enough, you go out to a man's barn and turn things upside down just so's to get your own horses inside, when a little rain'd be a good thing for them once in awhile. I was watching you all the time from the door here. Now, look here, stranger, we have got to get this thing settled right here. We won't say anything about the horses, because I suppose maybe a man that has a heart don't like to leave them in the rain, so we'll let that go. But what I want is for you to let me have this place here. Now, I've got you some ink and paper and everything's all fixed for you to make out the lease.'

"And, sure enough, on the table were pen, ink and paper, which I had not before noticed.

"'And now, stranger, I mean business. Will you fix out the lease, or won't you?'

"As he said this he drew from under the table a big, ugly looking revolver, which he leveled at me, continuing, as he did so:

"'Because if you don't I'll shoot you.'

"I always went armed myself out there in those days, but he had the advantage of me, and I felt that it would be useless to try to reach my pistol.

"'Now think it over carefully and make it out legal,' said my host.

"Just then there was a bright flash of lightning, a terrific burst of thunder, and I saw a terrified face of a woman at the window and heard a wild scream.

"'Oh, Martin, don't!'

"Conyus was almost startled into dropping his revolver. I jumped up quickly, and in doing so turned over the table in such a way that the lamp was upset, spilling its oil against my host, whose clothing was thus set fire from his head to his feet. As the table went over his revolver was discharged, the ball grazing my cheek and lodging in the wall.

"I was instantly at his side, wrapping my coat around him to smother the flames. At the same time a woman entered with a lantern and immediately took the shawl from her head and also endeavored to extinguish the fire with that.

"We succeeded in our efforts, but the man was terribly burned and had become unconscious. We carried him to the bedroom, where with great difficulty I removed his clothes, applied such restoratives as were available and dressed his wounds as well as could be done with the material at hand.

"The woman was for going for a doctor, the nearest, she said, being ten miles away, but when I explained that I was a physician she willingly obeyed my instructions and proved a very efficient nurse. Through our combined efforts the man was soon restored to consciousness.

"I was naturally curious to know who this woman was, but had no time to ask questions. Conyus, however, had no sooner opened his eyes than he recognized her and said in tones of some alarm:

"'Why, Mrs. Brown, what brings you here on such a night, and where's your babies?'

"'Oh, never mind the babies now!' replied Mrs. Brown, for it was she. 'I come here to stop people from shooting people and to put them out when they get on fire,' this last with a little laugh, and then, seriously:

"'But how's the pain? Does it hurt so much now? It's a lucky thing that this man here's a doctor, or you might 'a' been dead before this. He might 'a' kilt you, anyhow, seeing what you was a-pointing at him. It's a lucky thing I'm here, too, to help you out.'

"'But I wouldn't 'a' shot him, anyhow, Mrs. Brown,' protested Conyus. 'You know that. Nobody that knows Martin Conyus would ever say that he would shoot a man like that. I don't know why I did it. I was just trying a little bluff to make him sign me a lease for the farm. I learned that game when I was in Colorado. I've seen a man sign away a mine that way, and they held it was legal, too, because no one could be found to testify it wasn't. I wanted the farm, Mrs. Brown, but I wouldn't 'a' really shot him. You know that, don't you, now?'

"Mrs. Brown said that she did, and Conyus asked her again what trouble had brought her out alone in such a storm.

"'Well,' said she, 'you see, we couldn't get no place to stay over in the next county, and I had my team and wagon—that's all I had left—and made up my mind as how I would try my luck over west of here, instead of east, and I thought as how I might get work in the new county seat, too, maybe, and so I set out for over there. When I got down below here about two miles, one of my horses took sick, and I couldn't go any farther, and then night came on, and so I stopped there. Then the storm came up, and we didn't have any place to go but under the wagon, and we got drenching wet, and my poor little ones began to cry, and I was touched for them, and I thought as how it would be best to swallow down my pride and come up here and ask you to take us in for the night, because I knew how kind you are—just my little ones. I don't mind the rain myself. It won't hurt me any. And then I started with the baby in my arms and left the others under the wagon, but the storm was too hard, and the wind blew too strong, and so I put her back with the rest of them and came on alone, just carrying the lantern to show the way, and it almost went out for me, too, but it was well that I did come, because'—

"'Oh, never mind me,' said Conyus as he anticipated what she was about to say, 'but you just stay right here, and I'll go down for your kids.' As the man said this he endeavored to rise to put his words into action, but the pain pulled him down again.

"'Well, I guess I can't,' he said, 'but, stranger,' turning to me, 'if you go down and help Mrs. Brown, I'll manage to take care of myself for awhile. Yes; that's right. I knowed you would. You're the right sort, stranger.'

"And so I went out and hitched up my team, and in a few minutes Mrs. Brown and myself were on the road to find her little family, as I supposed. We had hardly started when she began to extoll the virtues of Martin Conyus, repeating every few sentences:

"'He wouldn't 'a' shot you, doctor. He's a right good man—too good for that.'

"Presently a flash of lightning revealed the refuge of the little Browns, and we soon had them ready to start. We hitched the woman's team, her horse having recovered, to her wagon and led them behind my carriage. Mrs. Brown, her baby and myself occupied one seat, while the rest of the tribe, four sturdy youngsters, rode in the wagon behind. We soon reached the house again, where I left Mrs. Brown and the younger children, going myself with her oldest boy, a little fellow of perhaps 9 or 10, to put up the horses.

"On entering the house I found Conyus somewhat easier and Mrs. Brown faithfully attending to his wants.

"The youngsters had settled themselves in the kitchen and were already dosing away in the different corners of the room.

"Mrs. Brown and myself took turns in sitting up with Conyus, as his burns were so serious that they required constant attention.

"The next day I went to look for tenants, taking especial pains to inform the neighbors of the occurrence in all its detail. They expressed great surprise on learning of Conyus' actions and spoke of him in the highest terms, both as a neighbor and as a man, and several of them dropped in to see him during the next few days, and as I intended to leave as soon as my work was accomplished, if possible, other medical attendance was secured by them.

"I had considerable difficulty in finding a desirable tenant, and one morning, a few days after this event, Conyus said to me, hesitatingly and embarrassed:

"'Dr. Hapley, I didn't apologize to you yet, but I thought you knew I felt it, and it's my rule that deeds are better than words, but I suppose I ought to say so, too, and I tell you now that I am sorry for what I did that night, but I didn't mean it and I wouldn't 'a' shot you anyhow, and now, if you don't mind, I—I want to tell you something. Now you ain't found any one to take the farm for you, and there ain't any one can take it as well as I can, and so—if you don't care—Mrs. Brown—well, doctor, to make a long story short, Mrs. Brown and I have concluded to be married as soon as I can get out, and we want you to let us have the lease, if you don't mind, and we'll take good care of the place, and if I don't get strong enough I'll hire the work done.'

"Just then Mrs. Brown came in looking radiant and happy.

"I congratulated both of them, made out the lease, to their great delight; procured their license and brought the minister from the neighboring town, and the ceremony was performed the same day.

"My business having been finished, I left for the east shortly afterward, not, however, without first receiving the blessings of Mr. and Mrs. Conyus and of all the little Brown-Conyuses.

"But now," said the doctor as he drew his chair back farther from the fire, "I suppose you would like to hear the sequel. It was this: The farm was heavily mortgaged, and during the hard times that followed, two or three years afterward, the load was more than I could carry, and the place was about to be sold under the mortgage. It represented every cent I had in the world, and I am free to confess that I felt decidedly blue. But one morning I received a letter from Conyus saying that he had just learned of my trouble, and since one good turn deserves another, and I had helped him in his bad luck and made him what he was, he wanted to help me in mine. He inclosed a draft for the amount of the debt, saying that he would lend me the money until I could pay it back to him. It was all he had, but he and Mrs. Conyus had gotten it together and would be much grieved if I did not accept it. With this I paid the mortgage, making a new one to Mr. and Mrs. Conyus.

"And all this goes to show," said the doctor as he rose to go, "that there is plenty of good in the world, and that it often appears in the most unexpected places.

"I subsequently paid back the money and afterward sold the farm at a nominal price to the Conyuses, who had come to have a sort of sentiment regarding the old house. They have since become one of the best known families in that part of the west. The place is still owned by them, and Martin and his children are making lots of money there too."—Exchange.

Stealthy.

An eastern traveler, who has had many and varied encounters with wild animals in the heart of Africa and has walked through many jungles, says that he concurs in the opinion commonly held by the natives of the countries he has visited that the leopard is more dangerous than either the lion or the tiger. Its noiseless approach may be imagined, he says, from an incident which occurred to him in Abyssinia.

I was watching a pool by moonlight in a deep bend of the River Royan during the dry season. Hours passed, but nothing larger than an antelope appeared.

We were seated beneath a large tree completely denuded of leaves, and the moon was shining brightly, throwing into sharp outline every bough. Suddenly my wife pulled my sleeve and directed my attention to a large animal crouched upon the branches exactly above us.

I might have taken a splendid shot, but I at first imagined it to be a dog faced baboon that had been asleep in the tree. I stood erect to obtain a clearer view, and at once the creature sprang to the ground within a few feet of us and bounded into the jungle.

It was a leopard, which had probably reached the tree by means of some neighboring branch, and so noiselessly that we had not discovered its presence. The animal had evidently winded us and was determined to reconnoiter our position.

A Correct Gauge.

Adam Smith, the noted Scotch author and professor, in delivering his lectures, trusted almost wholly to his power of ready speech. His manner was plain and unaffected, and as he seemed to be always interested in the subject he never failed to interest his hearers. His biographer says:

One little peculiarity in his manner of lecturing was mentioned to the late Archdeacon Sinclair by Archibald Alison, the elder, apparently as Alison heard it from Smith's own lips.

He used to acknowledge that in lecturing he was more dependent than most professors on the sympathy of his hearers, and he would sometimes select one of his students who had more mobile and expressive features than the rest as an unsuspecting gauge of the extent to which he carried with him the intelligence and interest of the class.

"During one whole session," he said, "a certain student, with a plain but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar. I had him constantly under my eye.

"If he leaned forward to listen, all was right, and I knew that I had the ear of my class, but if he leaned back in an attitude of listlessness I felt at once that all was wrong and that I must change either the subject or the style of my address."

Too Late.

The house had been aroused by a burglar. Mr. Jones saw a man with a mask going through the pockets of his pantaloons, and, as quick as thought, he shot at him, the intruder making good his escape.

"Why," asked Mrs. Jones, thoroughly awake, "what did you scare me for?"

"I saw a man robbing my pockets and fired at him."

"Well, he didn't get anything," said she complacently.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I tried 'em myself before we went to bed!"—Adams Freeman.

INSECTS GUARD GOLD

A PLACER DIGGINGS MONOPOLIZED BY MOSQUITOES.

A Plague That Drives the Workers Away From the Rich Sand of a South American River—Natives Who Can Stand the Tortures Are Too Lazy to Work.

Gold in plenty may be found in the sands of the Volador river, a stream of moderate volume that comes tumbling from the snow line from the Sierra de St. Martha, in South America, but though the lowland region and the river bed where the precious metal abounds in fabulous quantities are easily accessible the mosquitoes are so thick and terrible there that all attempts to rifle the sands of their gold have so far failed.

Elisee Reclus, the celebrated French geographer, was the first to explore the plain about the Volador's mouth. It seemed like an earthly paradise at first, and the stinging insects were no more numerous than one might have expected. But as the rainy season came on and the air grew hot and humid the mosquitoes appeared in incredible swarms. M. Reclus had thought of establishing an agricultural colony in the fertile lowlands, but found the plague of insects so unbearable that he was forced to beat a retreat and abandon his project.

He was the discoverer of this wonderful stream, whose waters sweep over sands that are literally golden. He told the news to the French vice consul at Rio Hacha, and this official obtained the concession of this Eldorado. The dangers he was to encounter he knew perfectly well. He took with him when he set out an ingeniously constructed gauze tent of large dimensions. For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat, clothed in thick garments and protected by heavy boots, gloves and veils. At the end of the second day, however, both employer and employees with one accord gave up the struggle and retreated.

The next to try to wring fortune from these auriferous sands was an Italian, who obtained permission from the vice consul referred to above. The Italian laughed at the idea of mosquitoes driving any one away from a place where gold could be picked up almost by the handful. He started out with a party of six, who shared with him his belief, and so they took along no special protection against the insects. They endured for less than half an hour the awful torture and then fled. They found their way back to Rio Hacha with difficulty, for the eyes of five were so badly swollen that they were blind. The sixth's face was a sight to behold, and he had to pick out the pathway with the aid of one eye, which the mosquitoes had not entirely closed.

Yet there are human beings who can venture with impunity into this hell whose guardian demons are mosquitoes, and these are some of the savage natives of the mountains from whose rocky steeps the river comes tumbling down. These savages, who are mosquito proof, are rendered so by their bodies being covered with the scales of that awful disease, leprosy. Strange to say, the mosquitoes will not touch them. But neither gold nor the gauds of civilization will tempt them to labor, and there is no human power apparently which will drag them on from their rude caves on the mountain side and make them labor for the white men.

It is an old and true saying that one might as well try to get along without furs in the arctic regions as without mosquito nets in the tropics. Mosquito nets seem to have been of little avail, however, in the instances related. The insects are said to have been both unusually large and unusually venomous, and they came in such myriads that they had the appearance of a mist hanging over the waters of the river. The intense pain and action of the poison on the system speedily drive the strongest mad.

One of the favorite tortures among the natives of the region about the valley of the Volador is to strip their victim and bind him naked to a stake. In a moment his body will be literally covered with mosquitoes, and in a half hour's time it will be enormously swelled. The torture is indescribable.—New York World.

He Let It Drop.

After the battle of Sharpsburg, General Jackson, happening to ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some executing dance steps, some crying, others singing gay songs or psalm tunes. Early had tried to reduce the ranks to their usual orderly condition, but had not succeeded. Finally an orderly rode up and handed him a dispatch from General Jackson:

HEADQUARTERS, LEFT WING.
SIR—General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division today. A. S. PENDLETON.

After reading this communication the grim old soldier got a piece of paper and wrote the following reply:

HEADQUARTERS, EARLY'S DIVISION.
CAPTAIN—In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson saw so many of my stragglers today is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully,
J. A. EARLY.

General Jackson let the investigation drop.

The Quality of Tact.

Tact is not dishonesty, writes Frances E. Lanigan in the Ladies' Home Journal. It does not mean the suppression of the truth nor the expression of an untruth, but it does mean the withholding of gratuitous disagreements from arguments in which they are quite superfluous. It also means the effort to induce an agreement kindly when possible, and if an agreement is impossible it demands a gracious acceptance of opposing views. Tact cannot be said to be synonymous with policy. Tact is always honest, and policy cannot invariably be said to have that distinguishing mark.

THE HEART IN OLD AGE.

A Misconception That Causes Humanity Needless Anxiety.

A story told by Dr. G. W. Balfour in his book on "The Senile Heart" well deserves the double purpose of marking the practical process which scientific medicine has achieved within the past 50 years and of administering a much needed word of comfort and encouragement to those numerous workers who, as age approaches, begin to feel uncomfortable about the regions of the heart.

"Many years ago," said Dr. Balfour, "a gentleman of 77 consulted me as to severe fainting fits to which he was liable. A distinguished consultant, since dead, had told him that these attacks were due to fatty degeneration of the heart and that treatment would be of no avail. The heart's impulse was imperceptible, the sounds faint, but pure, the arteries firm, but neither hard nor tortuous. I told the patient that experience had taught me that hearts supposed to be fatty were often weak. * * * The result of treatment was a steady improvement in health and in force of heart beat, and the patient lived to be 90 and did not die of heart failure in the end, but from senile asthenia." To many people "fatty heart" is a perfect bugbear. But this is what Dr. Balfour has to say about the diagnosis of the disease: "It is absolutely impossible to diagnosticate fatty degeneration of the heart.

"We may surmise its existence, but we can only be certain of its presence when we see it post mortem." If many middle aged and old men could but have this written deep upon the tablets of their consciousness, what loads would be lifted from their minds. Yet doctors of small experience roll out a diagnosis of fatty heart with sonorous satisfaction, unheeding that to many a trembling father of a family it is like the sound of a deathknell. On the question of treatment Dr. Balfour is equally decided. "We are often told," he says, "that there is danger in treating a fatty heart. * * * Yet the result of treatment in the case recorded was a cure, proving that a heart supposed to be fatty was only weak and that a life supposed to be over only wanted the fillip of a few minims of digitalis to carry it on to almost the extreme of human longevity." So, true is it, even in scientific medicine, that a little experience and common sense outweigh many shiploads of mere abstract theorizing.—London Hospital.

DIAMOND THIEVES.

The Trick They Use to Circumvent the Ever Watchful Dealers.

A diamond dealer recently interviewed gave some of his experiences as follows: "A few weeks ago a foreigner came into my store and desired to see rings. After choosing for a long time he picked out one valued at $18. He made me a ridiculously low offer, which I naturally refused. He then desired to see two other rings—one a sapphire and the other a diamond ring—exhibited in the show window. While I reached into the window for them I observed in the mirror on one side of the window how the stranger slipped away two rings, each worth $150. I did not turn around, but went to the door, opened and then locked it. If I had turned around, the thief would have thrown pepper and sand in my eyes and ran away with his booty. A policeman was soon in the place. The thief had the pepper and sand ready for use in his hand.

"Another time a thief dropped two rings into his umbrella, and at another time another slipped one into a hole in his glove. A very common trick of diamond thieves is to ask to be shown loose stones, which are thereupon handed to him lying upon a waiter. He breathes upon them, and thereby seeks to get one or more into his mouth. Others study the rings lying in the show window and have one made exactly to pattern described. The gold is good, but the jewel is paste. They then come in twilight into the store and seek to exchange their imitation for the genuine."—Jewelers' Circular.

Light Persons Poisoned by Ivy.

Mr. I. Ten Bosch writes from Rochelle Park, N. J., to Garden and Forest, saying:

"Whenever I see a tree in the embrace of a poison ivy, I take my knife and cut the vine. On the grounds of a few friends and on my own I have cut vines from 1½ to 2½ inches thick, sometimes at the root and sometimes as far up as I could reach, and then tearing down the stems have uprooted them with my hands. I have done this at all seasons, and when my hands were torn by blackberry thorns, but I never had a trace of poisoning. A friend to whom I mentioned my immunity said, 'Of course you are not poisoned, because you are dark.' Since then I have been thinking that in the cases of poisoning which had come to my knowledge the victims had been light haired. A younger brother of mine, who is very fair, has been severely poisoned."

Population of the World.

German geographers have made a careful estimate of the population of Africa, and place the total at 163,953,000, which is 42,240,000 more than the aggregated population of North and South America. Europe and Africa combined have a population of 521,332,000, though their area is not greater than that of all America. The new world has plenty of room for many times its present population of 121,713,000. The German estimate of the population of the world now is 1,480,000,000, and one of the best authorities of the Royal Statistical society says it will be increased by the year 2517 to 33,586,000,000.

Lucky.

A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, said, "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."—London Tit-Bits.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JULY 13, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New South."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Merry World."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE IRISH SHOULD REMAIN IN IRELAND.

Notwithstanding all that has been written about the "growing prosperity of Ireland" during the era of Gladstoneism, it would appear that the people resident in that unfortunate country don't take a very cheerful view of the existing situation. A feeling of despair seems to have taken the place of buoyancy in the Irish heart and mind, something not to be wondered at when the blasting of national hopes and aspirations is taken into consideration. At no period of Irish history has the hope of national sovereignty reached a lower ebb than at present. At the recent Trades' Congress held in Ireland, one of the speakers said:

"The trades of this country, which flourished in the early part of the century, are almost lost altogether. We had a good business in the tanning trade, and in every village and town in Ireland men were employed. The weaving industry flourished in the country, and the hat trade was in a sound and flourishing condition. They are now nearly extinct. It should be our desire to check the tide of emigration that is desolating our beloved country. For years our people are leaving in thousands every week. Down in Queenstown sights are witnessed that are heartbreaking. Fine young men and women are flying from the land every day in the week, and it is within our power to put a stop to all this. It should be our resolve to keep the men and women of Ireland on the soil of Ireland. There is no political question in considering this vital matter to our interests. Regardless of every question in Ireland today the emigration of our countrymen claims the earnest attention of every Irishman who loves the land on whose breast he was nurtured; and to you, the trades of Ireland, I appeal to try and put a stop to this crying evil, once and forever."

We entirely agree with the speaker quoted that Irish migration should be checked—especially to the United States, where the Irish emigrant does not at present receive the hearty welcome generally supposed to be accorded to him. On the contrary, although speaking the accepted language of the country, he has more to contend against than any other emigrant who lands here. Part of this ill feeling is, no doubt, due to the anti-Irish spirit fostered by British literature, and some of it also to the evil deeds of certain nominal Irishmen who have rendered themselves odious in American politics. The latter class are, generally speaking, not of Irish birth, but their shortcomings are charged up to Ireland. They are not, indeed, more politically sinful than many of the politicians of other races, but because their fathers' country is dethroned and discrowned among the nations, and because her enemy is a rich, powerful and commercial empire, their faults receive more attention, and are more enlarged upon, than those of other races. Then, too, a majority of the Irish are Catholics, and there is no use in denying the ugly fact that many Protestant Americans are jealous of and detest, more or less, the Catholic church. They look upon it as an organization holding an outside allegiance, and inimical to that apocryphal American institution call "the little red school house"—which has become the symbol of the Orange-American "patriots" of this country. It is perfectly useless to argue with most people who are jealous of, or fear, Catholicity. They will have it that we who are Catholics obey the Pope in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, and that we are enemies of the American school system, which, indeed, we are not. Some over-zealous advocates of sectarian schools may have given good ground for this belief on the part of American Protestants, but we feel safe in asserting that a large majority of American Catholics respect and uphold the public school system. Of course Catholics, Lutherans, and those of other creeds are entitled to their separate schools, if they see fit to maintain them, but this does not argue by any means that they are, therefore, hostile to the pet institution of the United States. In fact the attitude of certain distinguished American prelates and priests on the school question ought to be sufficient assurance on this point. However, the school question was made the pretext for the foundation of the A.P.A., which is mainly fostered by the Orange lodges, and the newly arrived Irish emigrant finds himself confronted here with almost the exact conditions of the old Knownothing period. He is confronted with race and religious antagonism in nearly every branch of business, and, consequently, often suffers privations he never experienced in his native country. Therefore, he had better remain at home—at least until the present rage of Anglo-American bigotry has ranted itself to sleep.

THE ANGLO-IRISH SITUATION.

We are having quite a variety of news these times from Great Britain and Ireland. The younger brother of H. J. Balfour, alias "Bloody" Balfour, has been made secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, thus filling the shoes of Morley. Young Balfour may be expected to follow faithfully in the gory footsteps of his more famous brother. Morley has said, in an interview, that for the English Whigs to abandon home rule now, would brand the party with "eternal dishonor." We are glad to find even one Englishman who thinks it dishonorable to break faith with Ireland—such faith even as there is in delusive "home rule." Morley would have done much better had he refrained from assisting the landlords to evict the people while he held the office of Secretary for Ireland. We find it hard to credit the good intentions of a man who had it in his power to prevent the persecution of human beings and failed to do it.

Then we hear from London, under date of July 9, that Mr. Gladstone, on the eve of the general election following dissolution of parliament, has issued the following message to the Liberals of Great Britain:

"HAWARDEN, July 5.—Above all other purposes vindicate the rights of the house of commons as the organ of the nation and establish the honor of England, as well as consolidate the strength of the empire, by conceding the just constitutional claims of Ireland."

We were not aware previously that Gladstone considered the Irish question constitutional, seeing that home rule was intended to give her independent legislative existence by operation of an Edglish act of parliament. His appeal to the electors to "vindicate the rights of the house of commons," simply means "pull down the house of lords," but who is going to put the bell on the Tory cat, so as to warn the Liberal mice to look out for danger? Surely not Rosebery, whose very name is a synonym for weakness. Revolutions are not made out of rosewater. Neither are they out of Roseberys. Sir Charles Dilke is the only commoner able to take Gladstone's place, but he is weighted down with a putrid social reminiscence. Sir Vernon Harcourt is able in his line, but his evil temper has made him so many enemies that he could not command a united following. Rosebery again, from any standpoint, is out of the question. At all events, so far as we can see, the Tories are going to carry the coming election.

We observe, without surprise, that the warring sections of the McCarthyite wing of the Irish party are having a monkey and parrot time in Ireland. Advices from Omagh, county Tyrone, dated Tuesday, say: "At the Nationalist convention at Omagh, county Tyrone, yesterday, called to choose candidates for the election in Tyrone, T. M. Healy, amid great excitement, accused John Dillon of selling Tyrone to the English party. He read a letter from the Hon. Edward Blake to Privy Councilor Dickson informing him the Nationalist Federation would be unable in future to subsidize North and South Tyrone or North and South Londonderry, which he asked should be subsidized henceforth in the sum of £200 yearly by the Liberals. The then government whip, Thomas E. Ellis, consented to this on the understanding that the seats designated were to be considered Liberal and not Home Rule seats. The reading of this letter caused consternation among the delegates, who shouted 'Sold, sold.' Mr. Dillon's voice, as he arose to reply to Mr. Healy, was drowned in the din, but he finally succeeded in shouting out loud enough to be heard, 'What you state is an infamous and calumnious lie. You are a traitor. You read a private letter in public.' Another tremendous uproar followed, and finally the non-sectarian candidates were accepted."

Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy understand each other much better, no doubt, than we do either; but if such a letter was written, it only goes to prove what THE CITIZEN has maintained all along, that the alleged Irish party, since Parnell's death, has been simply a Liberal adjunct. Nothing could be more degrading than the holding of Irish seats by Irishmen supported, or as the *Independent* of Dublin puts it, "kept" by the Liberal party in England. Mr. Healy is, no doubt, aiming at leadership—the leadership of a faction of a faction, surely not a very soul stirring ambition.

Taken for all in all, the Irish situation is not cheerful, and parliamentary agitation appears to be, by rapid steps, sinking from the sublime to the ridiculous.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY DELUSION.

The subjoined letter from a patriotic Irish priest is published by THE CITIZEN as a matter of fair play; but the argument contained in it has no effect on our determination to have no more to do with parliamentary humbug of any complexion whatever. "Tall talk," "range of four thousand miles," and "bluster" belong to the Irish at home rather than to those in America. The American Irish have borne their part bravely for Ireland during the last thirty years, and their blood has been shed for the cause on the scaffold at Manchester and elsewhere. Many Irish-Americans are still mercilessly detained in English jails because of their devotion to Ireland.

"Priests and people marching shoulder to shoulder" for Ireland is not a spectacle calculated to produce unmixed satisfaction in the minds of American friends of Ireland, any more than would the equally disastrous spectacle of seeing ministers and Orangemen marching shoulder to shoulder against the Irish cause. The priests ought to attend, as in this country, to their religious duties, and leave active, militant politics to the laity. There is no reason why they should not vote, like other citizens, but the sight of a minister of God, horsewhip in hand, dragooning his "flock" to the polls, is not calculated to impress either the English or the Irish with the dignity of his sacred office. Neither is the threat, made from an Irish altar, to make sparks fly from the heels and toes of those who would not vote as the priest wanted them. In a struggle for liberty by a country mainly Catholic against a Protestant nation, the true policy of the Catholic clergy would be to keep in the background as much as possible. The Irish people are no longer the uneducated mass they were fifty years ago, when the priest was almost a necessity in politics because of his superior knowledge of men and things. In these days, the prelates and priests of Ireland appear to divide their efforts about equally between matters spiritual and matters secular. They are not required to be guides of faith and morals in the realm of politics, which is of the earth earthy.

Father Curry hardly comprehends the disgust felt by the average Irish-American for parliamentary politics. The dog would return to his spew with a keener relish than he to the Whig crow banquet. The Whigs have, in a political sense, debauched Ireland. Father Curry seems to ask, What are the Irish to do? We answer, Keep away from the London parliament, and try to work out their salvation at home. If the Irish members would unanimously remain at home or else meet in Dublin as a grand committee to consider Irish needs—we believe the Convention Law, which formerly prohibited such gatherings is now a dead letter—England would have much more respect for Ireland and for them. As it is, the chief business of an Irish member of the London den of thieves seems to be to "hear, hear" some Whig orator and beg for places for his relatives and friends. The American Irish are fools if they give another dollar to sustain the parliamentary humbug. Following is Father Curry's letter:

[*To the Editor.*]

"I have been told that this is a free country, and that it can boast of a free press. Hence, a 'foreigner' sojourning here is welcome, I should think, to write a public letter and thereby give his opinion when a question dear to his heart comes up for public discussion. I have been once again for two weeks in this city on my way from St. Louis to Buffalo, and have seen press comments on the crisis brought about by the fall of one British ministry and the advent to power of another. If I were at home in the old land my address would be, 'Nenagh, County Tipperary, Ireland; for the present my address is No. 4745 Ashland avenue, in this city. So far, I want to show 'where I am at.' Now let me come to business. For the life of me I fail to see what good can come from the friendly criticism of our scattered race, when our poor people at home are in trouble as they are at present. Grant it, that the Irish at home have sinned politically—that they have quarrelled, and lost opportunities, it will not mend matters to proclaim from the house-tops that the supplies must be stopped, at this side of the Atlantic. Our friends in this country can not do so without giving our English enemies an opportunity of using this information against us during the general election. They know now, that the Irish at home are facing the enemy, friendless, and poor. There is down deep in our hearts gratitude for past favors bestowed on us by our scattered race. If the closing down process were unaccompanied by tall talk, and bluster now, not one could be found to complain in the old land. Let the charity of silence be observed, at the same time that our friends through this country are justifying themselves in this new departure—namely, holding a firm grip on their dollars. Talk at a range of 4,000 miles will not win the battle of Irish liberty. One should have been in the midst of the struggles for the last fifteen years to understand how things stand in Ireland. Salisbury and the brothers Balfour will be encouraged by the action taken by the Irish in America. Let those who have taken this course hurry up and formulate their plans, and the Irish at home will hail with delight the new dawn of hope. Our motto for many years has been, and still shall be in the future, 'Not words but deeds.' The priests and people of Ireland, to my knowledge, marched shoulder to shoulder on the only available road towards a redress of their wrongs, which opened up before them. We have all been dreamers of other means. But it will not avail much to be a dreamer, when one is confronted with the stern logic of hard facts. My humble opinion is that our fellow countrymen at this side of the Atlantic are at present unwittingly helping out the enemy at home by those pronouncements I have seen in print within the last three weeks. The fact of my being temporarily on American soil does not preclude me from giving my opinion with all due respect for the opinions of others. All I have to say in conclusion is, that poor Ireland herself should not be punished because some of her children have not served her wisely and well. M. B. CURRY."

DEATH OF JOHN J. M'GRATH.

Mr. John J. McGrath, one of the best known business men of Chicago, died at his Dearborn avenue residence in this city Saturday evening of last week. He was born near Castlebar, county Mayo, Ireland, about sixty-two years ago. While yet a very young man, says the *Chronicle*, he came to America and settled in Philadelphia. There he learned the wall paper business, then going to Milwaukee, where he opened a store. Seeing the possibilities in Chicago he came here in 1859 and invested in the wall paper business. That business made his fortune. His first store was on Randolph street, west of State, but before many years the retail business became a wholesale one. Even before the great fire John J. McGrath & Co. were the largest jobbers of wall paper in the West. The fire set him back a little, but not much, and the business steadily increased. After the fire a new store was opened on State street. Mr. McGrath soon went back to Randolph street. His last removal was to 118 Wabash avenue, near Madison street. It was made about 1880 and Mr. McGrath was then conducting almost alone the biggest wall paper business in the country. His trade was so large that he controlled the outputs of several big mills and carried an immense stock. For years Mr. McGrath was accustomed to work twenty hours a day, sleeping the other four in his store. His visits to his home were infrequent and his meals were eaten irregularly. The strain told on him and he suffered a severe attack of typhoid fever in 1886. Shortly after this illness a big fire destroyed the stock and Mr. McGrath made no attempt to re-establish the business. He retired from active work that day, collected an insurance of $400,000 on his stock, and began a quiet life. When the Fort Dearborn National Bank started he became a director, and continued in the office until two years ago. Since then he has maintained an office in the Adams Express Building. Besides his prominence commercially Mr. McGrath was a leading Democrat, and at the last county convention his name was discussed in caucus for treasurer. He declined the candidacy, but made a liberal contribution to the campaign fund. He was a parishioner of the Holy Name Cathedral and was a liberal giver to charity. Mr. McGrath was married in Troy, N.Y., before he came to Chicago. The couple had five children—two daughters and three sons—who, with the widow, survive him. One daughter is the wife of William V. O'Brien. His daughter Anna is unmarried. A son, Charles H. McGrath, was assistant cashier of the Fort Dearborn Bank for several years. He sailed for Europe about a month ago, and is now in Paris. His sons Frank and John J. McGrath are in business at Los Angeles, Cal.

The immediate cause of Mr. McGrath's death was liver complaint, which had been troubling him for many years. His fatal attack came suddenly and no danger was apprehended by his family until a day or two preceding his death. He was a very pleasant gentleman in manner and had innumerable personal friends in this city and throughout the United States. Although never what is termed an advanced Nationalist, he always took a great interest in the welfare of Ireland, and subscribed repeatedly and liberally for the benefit of the cause during the Parnell period. Of late, he was so disgusted by the quarreling and bickering of the Irish party that he rarely referred to the subject of Irish politics. He was, for several terms, one of the executive committee of the Irish-American Club, and did much toward making that organization the social power it was previous to the downfall of Parnell and the defeat of the home rule measures. His life conveys to young Irishmen in America a lesson in industry, frugality and business enterprise that they would do well to follow. He made his firm famous throughout the country for the fine quality of the merchandise it furnished and the artistic excellence of the work it performed. Although eminently sociable, he was a temperate man, and set a good example to all his associates, young and old. During his partial retirement from active work, he took great pleasure in traveling, and revelled in the beauties of nature, for he had in him the soul of a true artist. Among his warm personal friends may be ranked the late General Philip H. Sheridan, so long a resident of this city, and many leading business men in financial and commercial circles. His death removes from the community an unique personality, simple in the day of success as he was in the morning of his career, and with a heart that wished well to all mankind. THE CITIZEN joins with thousands of its readers in mourning his premature death.

LAMPOONING THE IRISH.

The St. Louis *Republic*, a Democratic newspaper much patronized by the Irish-American element of that city, in its report of the annual celebration of the Irish societies last Sunday, said many low and scandalous things which the people lampooned by it very justly resented, with the result that since the report appeared the offending newspaper published the following editorial paragraph:

"The *Republic* has learned with regret that its report of the Hibernian annual picnic at the Fair Grounds Sunday has offended some of those who were there and others of its readers. It is hardly necessary to say to the Irish readers of this paper, who have had many and recent evidences of its friendship and admiration for their race, that there was not the slightest thought of offense in this case. It happens that the member of the staff by whom the report was written is himself an Irishman and incapable of putting a slur on his own people. The light vein of his treatment was only the natural play of kindly wit for which the Irish race is famed. The *Republic* is sorry that anyone has found in the young Irishman's work suggestion of offense which neither he nor it intended."

In the foregoing the *Republic* plainly pleads the baby act by putting the blame on the reporter, who, as everybody familiar with press usages knows, is subject to the censorship of the city editor. If the latter is doubtful about the propriety of the matter submitted, he generally refers it for final decision to the managing editor or the editor-in-chief. We have read the report complained of, and must say, in justice, that it was offensive in the extreme—the evident design being to make it appear that all who attended the demonstration were a low class of people who could not understand an insult even when they read it. There is entirely too much of this kind of thing on the American press, and it should be stopped at once. It could be stopped if all Irish-Americans would take an interest in the abatement of the nuisance, but they do not. Most of them will not stand by the men or the papers that champion their cause, and, as a result, they get, in a moral sense, kicked and cuffed with impunity. Every little ink slinger can take a whack at them without fear of punishment. If the fellow who wrote the St. Louis report is an Irishman, he must be either an Orangeman or a Catholic renegade, who thinks it "smart" to libel his own race—in other words to foul his own nest. Blackguardism is not wit, nor is unveiled coarseness humor. The lampooning of Irish-American women is a cowardly office, and one to which no gentleman would descend. Some young men of Irish blood, born in this country, imagine that they elevate themselves in public estimation by caricaturing the accent and manners of their Irish born kindred. On the contrary they render themselves objects of well merited contempt on the part of non Irish-Americans, who always respect the country and the race from which they sprang.

We are glad that the St. Louis Irishmen called the *Republic* down, and we hope the chief editor of that paper will lay the offending "Irish" reporter across his checkered apron and spank him on the bluntest portion of his person till he cries "hold! enough!"

GROVER to Lamont—Hang it, Daniel, my boy—three times and no voters! What is to be the future of the Democratic party?

THE drowning of the Rev. Father Hogan, of Harvard, Ill., together with his brother, Dr. Hogan, of Elgin, Mrs. Hogan, their baby, and Miss Hogan, sister of the drowned men, at Geneva Lake, Wis., during the severe storm of last Sunday afternoon, has caused widespread regret throughout the country. The Hogan family were originally residents of Joliet, and were highly respected. Father Hogan was one of the most popular clergymen in the archdiocese, and was in the prime of life. The drowning occurred on a small steamer, which was caught in the gale and capsized. This is what generally happens such craft in a storm, but even otherwise sensible people will risk their lives on them on hot summer days, when death rides on the blast.

A FRIGHTFUL accident occurred at Craig's Crossing, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada, last Monday. Two sections of a train conveying Catholic excursionists to a saintly shrine crashed into each other, killing three priests and a dozen lay people. The section butchery is a thing of common occurrence in the United States. Canada, however, is a good imitator.

AN ex-rebel preacher, named Morgan, who pounds a Bible somewhere in Florida, has denounced President Cleveland as a "traitor" and a tool of the Wall street shylocks. "This *is* 'ard"—particularly coming from the section and the element which Grover has favored most.

A LONDON dispatch of the 8th inst. says: "At a meeting of the privy council this afternoon the Queen signed the proclamation dissolving parliament and the order to issue writs for the general election. The majority of the provincial elections will take place on Saturday next, and the elections in London will occur on Monday."

THREE girls in the White House! Grover's doll bill will be pretty high some of these days. By the way, Mr. President, what's the tariff on dolls?

THE courteous English hissed the Cornell crew at the international rowing match on the Thames Tuesday. The Cornell boys simply obeyed the English umpire's orders, and rowed over the course when their competitors failed to start. This, the British claimed, was unfair. The Americans rowed against another English crew on Wednesday, and were disastrously beaten, through the fainting away of Fennell, a plucky but unhealthy member, who is suffering from aortic aneurism, and is, of course, liable to fall dead at any moment. It was incredible stupidity for the American captain to put such a man behind an oar, and it was unpardonable blackguardism for the English to jeer at and otherwise insult their unfortunate visitors. The American girls on the grand stand cried at witnessing the defeat of their countrymen. Why will Americans rush into English matches and seek English friendship? The English are, by nature, bullies. They hate America and Americans, except when the latter are rich heiresses on whom they can prey as husbands. And yet, Americans cannot be persuaded of this fact. There is still a good deal of mean provincial spirit in this country—too much seeking after English social indorsement. The only way to make a snobbish Englishman respect an American is for the latter to impress on the Briton that he is the better man of the two.

GRAND PICNIC.

The members of Father Hagan's parish (LaGrange) are preparing to give a grand picnic at Riverside, Ill., Saturday, July 20. The committee of arrangements are preparing for, and expect to entertain, 2,000 people. The programme is a magnificent one, consisting of athletic games and sports of twenty different kinds dancing, music, boat-riding, quoit-pitching, bowling-alleys and various kinds of running contests on the grounds. The greatest contest of all will be the two bicycle races, one for men and the other for boys under 15. The men's race will leave LaGrange at 2:30 p.m. sharp, and the finish will be at the picnic grounds. Five costly prizes will be given for this race, the winner receiving a gold watch valued at $100. The entries to this race close July 18, at Fulton's drug store, LaGrange, and the list is open to all bicycle riders who wish to enter the race. The boys' race will take place from the Riverside depot to the picnic grounds. We are sure the many friends of Father Hagan in Chicago and the suburbs will show their appreciation by their attendance at the picnic on this occasion. It is needless to say that the picnic is given for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the debt on his church. The trains leave Union Depot at 12:10, 12:55, 1:30, 2:10, 3:15, 4:05, 4:40 and 5:15, and return every half hour or so till 11 p. m. Round trip tickets can be purchased at the gate at 25 cents.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The games scheduled for Sunday, July 14, are Parnells, West Side, vs. O'Connells, West Side (football), and Sarsfields, North Side, vs. Sheridans, South Side (hurling). Both the Parnells and O'Connells have accounted well for themselves during the season, and are putting up good games. The two teams are well matched, and Sunday's game is certain to be closely contested. The Sarsfields and Sheridans will cross camans for the first time this season. The Sarsfields have not tasted defeat up to the present, but Capt. Furlong, of the Sheridans, is putting his team in shape and is almost confident of victory.

Reviewing the composition of the teams, it would not be safe for the most competent critic to offer an opinion. Capt. Furlong, Lehane, Hayes, Ryan, the O'Hern brothers, Gooley and Farrell are proficient with the use of the timber, while Capt. Cahill, Jack Hayes, Cooney, Cronin and Conway can well lay claim as being fit characters for C. J. Kickham's "Knocknagow," and should its finest chapters be re-written, not one line need be eliminated for the want of personages to play the part of Mat, the Thresher, and his companions, and equal them in their deeds of athletic valor. The contest will certainly be one of the finest exhibitions of hurling ever seen in Chicago, and every person who has a love for the old national game should be at the Gaelic grounds on Sunday.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

THE ARGUMENT OF KINGS.

We're tired and sick of this blamed botheration,
This peaceful delusion you call agitation,
It has long been the curse of this fighting old nation;
Give it up gallant friends and try powder.

This nation of heroes, see how you've debased it
And think on the farce all the money you've wasted;
The whole British empire to hell would have blasted,
If only 'twere turned to powder.

Today half despised by ourselves and the world,
No flag 'mong the standards of nations unfurled,
When the might of our arms 'gainst England was hurled,
We were prized for the world loves powder.

You may preach to the foe, but he sneers at your preaching,
You may plead and implore, but he mocks your beseeching
The lesson that history for ages is teaching,
The tyrant but listens to powder.

That buoyant young nation the world is leading,
From the same cruel tyrant for justice was pleading,
But to all her demands he was deaf and unheeding,
He heard, when she backed them with powder.

And when from our chain was a link ever shaken
One mite from the weight of our burden e'er taken,
When our hills were aglow with rebellion's dread beacon,
And the foe feared the shock of our powder?

The foe that is turning our homes into ashes,
On our country inflicting such terrible gashes,
That mocks her distress while she writhes 'neath his lashes,
Shall he yield to your speech without powder?

The foe that has plundered, has slain and exiled us,
With promises broken so long has beguiled us,
In the face of the world has slandered, reviled us
Pay the dark robber back with your powder.

Have you reason to trust him, remember your dealing,
With a foe without conscience or honor or feeling,
If you kneel like a craven, he'll kick you for kneeling,
Cease fawning, and look to your powder.

By the tears of our widows, our orphans' deep sighing,
By our coffinless dead by the lone bushes lying,
By the blood of your martyrs, the groans of our dying,
Aim your gun at the foe, give your match to the powder.

P.T.M.

THE FUTURE OF WAR.

The modern guns will make great changes in the art of war, and the plans employed in former campaigns by the great commanders will receive many modifications. Defensive battles will be at a premium, and defensive warfare will be simplified. Armies will manœuvre for position, and the generals commanding them will gain fame by movements skilfully conducted to concentrate their scattered battalions at the proper time, with the purpose of forcing an antagonist to give rather than to accept battle. If a campaign with a designated objective point is planned, and the strategy is offensive on the part of one of the commanders, if possible his tactics will be defensive. Hostile armies will keep at greater distances and in open country out of sight of each other, unless they can take up a line at night and intrench; and direct flank movements will not be attempted where troops are visible before the assault. Field balloons will locate the position, and photography mark the formation, of contending forces, while telephones and electricity will play prominent parts in the war drama. Night marching and night attacks will be more frequent, and columns of troops organized to charge stationary positions will be moved under darkness to close points so that the charge at dawn will occupy the shortest time possible.

Raging battles will be fought by infantry and artillery, and one of the problems will be the protection of the horses that draw the guns. Temporary field-works cannot shelter them, and unless hills afford protection they will perish in the leaden hail. Cavalry will not be employed on the main field of a battle, but on the flanks of armies, against cavalry. Cavalry chieftains will no longer assail infantry or artillery, and no more charges will be recorded like those of Ponsonby at Waterloo or Murat at Jena. This arm will still be effective in reconnaissances, picketing, guarding trains, and as escorts; but except in small bodies its use for advance and rear-guards will be diminished. The target presented is too large to be risked before field-guns firing with great rapidity, even if several miles distant, as well as before infantry rifles incessantly flashing a mile away.

Manœuvering a cavalry corps with, say, 10,000 horses on a future battlefield would be a high type of cruelty to animals; but the regiments, brigades, and divisions composing it can still render good service. They can be moved with celerity long distances, and the troopers, except the horse-holders, can be dismounted and used as infantry, their modern carbines being nearly as effective as the magazine-rifle of the infantryman; but it will be most difficult to protect the horses while locating them in such a position as to reach their riders or be reached by them quickly, when necessary.

Perhaps the most interesting problem to be solved by those who organize armies in the future is the disposition and arrangement of the immense ammunition-trains. The greedy guns must be fed, and great will be their rapacity. Next to the commanding general and his principal assistants will rank in importance the field chief of ordnance, who has the location of supply depots and the management of the transportation of large and small cartridges to the combatants. The continual replenishing of caisson and limber boxes, the smaller charges for infantry during actual conflict, and the safety and efficiency of vast trains where electric or steam roads cannot be constructed, will require a brave, enterprising, cool, vigilant officer of conspicuous ability and executive capacity.

The medical departments, too, must be reorganized and enlarged to convey the disabled to field hospitals, for field ambulances cannot be placed close to battle lines, and the numbers of the wounded will be greatly increased.

The great captains of future wars will be those who fully comprehend the destructive power of improved cannon and small arms, and whose calm and fertile intellect will grasp the importance of so manœuvering as to force the antagonist to give offensive battle, and who will never be without a "clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it." They will parry and fence like great swordsmen, but they will thrust only when the enemy rushes upon them.—*Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in the July Century.*

THE IRISH "400."

[*To the Editor.*]

While a regular gulf stream of gold is flowing steadily Englandward, and while the British Cœlebs with a handle to his name is reaping a gilded harvest in the American heiress field, the Irish gentleman, entrenched in his paternal acres, stands aloof. Considerable credit is given the Irishman for knowing a good thing when he sees it, but in the matrimonial transatlantic business his thick-witted friend across the channel seems to have the best of it. We must not seek the reason for this in gentleman Pat's want of eligibility as to rank or ancient lineage. The provinces of Ireland abound with nobles and descendants of kings, renowned in the days when the present leaders of English society were cotton-spinners or tapsters. Not to speak about the kingly O'Briens of Thomond, or the lordly O'Donnels of Ulster, or the other thousand and one noble Irish families powerful in the courts of Europe today, cannot the Celtic gentleman attack "the Saxon" on his own grounds and point to the Fitzgeralds of Leinster, those Geraldines who were powerful when the ancestors of Victoria were swine herds? West of the Shannon are to be found today Irish gentlemen, impoverished it is true, but with lineages as proud as those of any hidalgo of Spain.

While many a lordly castle or manor hall is drifting into ruin and wreck, amid scenes of sylvan splendor and streamlet beauty on Irish soil—the owner is a typical representative of the Ireland that is fast passing away. He rarely thinks of the mercenary alliance to restore his shattered fortunes, and with a pride, to equal which we have to seek the home of some Spanish grandee, he prefers genteel poverty among a peasantry renowned for their deference to the "ould stock" to wealth with a feminine parvenu as a life partner. These characters, numerous in the days of Lever, are fast passing away. Quick to duck a dun in a horse-pond, they were slow to uxoriously respond to the advances of some wealthy tradesman's daughter.

With the onward march of democracy, however, we hope for better things. Institutions more powerful than Ireland's aristocracy have had to yield to the inevitable. Ireland needs capital, and if American papas are seeking good value for their money they cannot do better than look up Ireland's blue-blooded sons. In fact an association with a view to pecuniary developments might well be started by some enterprising genius. An organization pledged to furnish the matrimonial war-chest to enable the Gaelic gentlemen to put up as good a front as the Lord Tounoddies of England, who are now capturing the American matrimonial strongholds. Now that Cœlebs is out for "the stuff," to use a phrase current in Chicago aldermanic circles, why not let the descendants of Irish monarchs enter the swim? History will endorse the claims of Ireland for priority, for when the Wars of the Roses and those of the Cromwellian revolution swept away England's ancient aristocracy, Ireland still preserved amid the lapse of centuries direct traces of the early glories of her high-born sons.

W. J. PURCELL.

NEW CLUB HOUSE.

Four hundred friends and members of Sherman Council No. 251, of the Holy Name Cathedral, crowded the new home of the club at Cass and Superior streets Wednesday evening and listened to a literary and musical programme. The club is a social one, and its present home was the residence of Postmaster Hesing. The club has been in existence since the first of the year, and Wednesday night saw the formal opening of the new club house. Archbishop Feehan was represented by Chancellor Muldoon, who congratulated the members on their social venture. President D. V. Gallery welcomed the guests. Among those present were: Rev. Father Muldoon, Rev. Father Finn, Rev. Father Dore, Rev. Father Barry, Rev. Father Scanlan, Rev. Father Conway, Judge Goggin, Capt. J. J. Sisk, Sergt. T. E. Byrne, Dr. G. W. Mahony, Messrs. and Mesdames C. T. Kavanaugh, Thomas Dillon, C. Monaghan, Alexander Sullivan, T. H. Harney, C. J. Mohr, J. J. Gallery, M. W. Kerwin, W. McLaughlin, Misses Martha Gallery, M. Byrne, Annie Nyhan, A. O'Malley, Julia Dunlap, Nora Garrity, Grace Garrity, Mary Cooney, Maggie Mason, N. Hettinger, Katie Gaughan, H. Merchant, L. Mansfield, Cora Redfox. A dance concluded the evening's entertainment.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toraigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANANMAIN)

"Tabhair d'each leat, a fhir mhóir," ar Conán, "Ranna neimhe agus talmhan i g-córaigheacht orm muna m-biadh mar do léigis amach ar chomairc Fhinn agus na Féinne i go léigfinn a h-inchinn tré fhuinneogaibh a cinn agus a ceannmhullaigh amach; agus gidh iomdha droch-thurchartha do fuair Fionn i n-Eirinn ariamh ní bh-fuair turcbair ba mheasá ná thusa." "Ranna neimhe agus talmhan i g-córaigheacht orm-sa," ar san fear mór, "má thu-aim-se liom í, óir ní bh-fuil giolla agam do dhéanfadh giollaigheacht dam agus ní h-obair liom féin m'each do bheith im' láimh agam."

Eirghios Conán mac Mórna in tan sin, agus glacas an t-aghastar athgharbh iarnaidhe, agus cuirios le h-each an fhir mhóir é, agus thug mar a raibh Fionn agus Fianna Eireann i agus do bhi i bh-fad i n-a láimh aige. "A Chonáin mic Mórna," ar Fionn, "ni ghéilleá giollaigheacht do dhéanamh do dhuine budh feárr ioná an fear mór i bh-Fiannaigheacht; agus dá n-déanfá mo chómhairle-se is é nidh do dhéanfá dul ar each an fhir mhóir, agus cnoic agus cábháin agus mágha mingcothacha do chuartughadh leí ne go m-brisfeá a croidhe i n-a cliabh tré ar mhairbh sí do eachraidh na Féinne." Eirghios Conán an tan sin agus thug eachléim ar each an fhir mhóir agus buaileas a dhá sháil go dian agus go dithiollach uirri, acht níor chorraigh each an fhir mhóir leis sin. "Aithgnim an nidh sin atá uirri," ar Fionn; "no go bh-fuighidh sí comhthrom a marcaigh féin do dhaoinibh uirri ní bh-fuighfear aistior aisti." Do chuadar trí fir deug d'Fiannaibh Eireann ar chúlaibh Chonáin ar each an fhir mhóir, agus luighios fátha agus éirghios aris.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

MY COLLEEN BAWN.

No chosen line in life is mine,
No lands or lordly hall.
No friends, save one Friend Divine—
Sure He's the best of all;
No wealthy namesakes kindred claim,
No menials round me fawn;
But oh, she loves me all the same—
My darlin' Colleen Bawn.

An' more I prize her azure eyes
Than costly diamonds bright,
Or stars that sparkle in the skies
Of fairy-land at night;
An' more I love her smilin' face
Than flow'ry mead or lawn,
For she's my angel pure of grace,
My charmin' Colleen Bawn.

'Tis sweet to hear the linnet's lay
And sweet the blackbird's glee;
But sweeter far at close of day
Her welcome words to me.
Her golden hair has with love's chain
My soul around her drawn,
An' faithful e'er I will remain
To my dear Colleen Bawn.

She fondly to my bosom clings,
My peerless Irish queen,
And vows her love when twilight flings
It's mantle o'er the green.
Oh joy, to think she'll be my bride,
Sure as tomorrow's dawn!
My soul's delight, my hope and pride,
My own, my Colleen Bawn.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

Ballyduff, April 1, '95.

A Reporter's Ruse.

A well known Dublin reporter, named Mr. Healy, attached to the *Irish Times*, once rescued his newspaper from difficulty by a daring ruse. The incident occurred during the exciting stages of the Land League agitation in Ireland. Intelligence reached the *Irish Times* late one night that Mr. Parnell intended to deliver a very important speech the next day in a town in a remote part of the West of Ireland, and Mr. Healy was directed to look after it for the paper. Finding that the earliest train from Dublin, the next morning, would not bring him to the place till two or three hours after the time the meeting was announced to be held, he sent the following telegram to Mr. Parnell:

"Going down by early train. Postpone meeting till I arrive. HEALY."

Mr. Parnell naturally thought the wire was from one of his leading colleagues, Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., and he not only postponed the meeting, but had a huge concourse of people with bands and banners at the railway station to welcome Mr. Healy on his arrival. When the reporter of the *Irish Times* alighted from the train, Mr. Parnell was amazed, but the situation having been explained to him, he laughed heartily over the ruse."

Do You See the testimonials written by people who have been cured of various diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla? They point the way for you if you need a good medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation and assist digestion. 25c.

Holland's Great Pianist Coming.

The musical season of 1895-96 will not be lacking in pianists. Among others, Martinus Sieveking is to be here. Sieveking is a Hollander by birth, coming from an old and aristocratic family, which dates its ancestry back in the fifteenth century. From his earliest infancy he displayed characteristics indicative of his future career. He is a man of magnetic temperament and striking personality, being over six feet in height and magnificently proportioned. Mr. Sieveking will come to the States in the fall, and play throughout the country. He will make his debut in New York city.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Teutonic, sailing from New York July 10: Marshall Field, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Green, Misses Jane and Mary Green, E. A. Driver, Mrs. C. M. Henderson, Robert Morris, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Richards, R. McKechnie, Joseph Fox, Miss Bessie Featherstone, Mrs. Haggas, Miss Mason, Miss Minnie Molloy, Mrs. Thorps, Mrs. Sarah Howard, Rosina Howard, Mrs. J. J. Coughlin, Miss Ettie Kelly, Mrs. Rachel Fox, Miss Grace Webb, Mrs. M. Gray, Mrs. Charlotte Moore, J. F. Downing, Chicago; Joseph Sissons, Denver, Colo.; W. E. G. Saunders, Emmetsburg, Kan.; J. F. Downing, Kansas City.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Two or three days later word was brought to Ferguson that the Blackwater men had come over the mountains; that the Indian-fighters of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the Western Waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's Mountain—a wooded, hog-back hill on the border line between North and South Carolina—he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe; for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him, help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of haste, and choosing out their picked men—the best warriors of the force and the best mounted and armed—they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day—the 6th of October—they rode too, until in mid afternoon they came in sight of King's Mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers. Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them; but they were picked men, confident in their skill with the rifle, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British, but to capture their whole force! The backwoods colonels, counseling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountain and assail it on all sides. Accordingly, the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other, and soon encircled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear, and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson barely had time to marshal his men before the assault was made. Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up; while, drawing up his regulars and a few picked militia, he charged in person, with the bayonet, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell and the other colonels of the frontiersmen led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn, when charged by the regulars, was forced to give way, for they had no bayonets wherewith to meet their foes; but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped too, and came back ever closer to the ridge, and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen; and, as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body, and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered. —*Hero Tales from American History, by Theodore Roosevelt, in July St. Nicholas.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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SCHILLER THEATRE.

Not within the memory of those most familiar with the history of Chicago theatricals, has any operatic burlesque received the unanimous praise of the Chicago press as has "Little Robinson Crusoe." Eddie Foy, Chicago's favorite comedian, is simply immense in his new character Dare-Devil Willie, the amateur pirate in "Crusoe." He makes a many-sided study of the part, first as a tramp, then as a pirate, then a missionary on the Cannibal Islands, and a race-track sport, and bookmaker. His make-up in these laughable and eccentric sketches is simply inimatable, and his stage business is full of that indescribable and mirth-provoking comical "point," of which Foy is the master comedian of the present stage. From his entrance on the scene, in the new canal boat, drawn by a white donkey, all through his irresistibly funny burlesque of "Trilby," "Gismonda," etc., to his exit under the protection of beautiful Neptunia, the water fairy, Eddie Foy keeps the big audience at the Schiller in constant laughter and applause. His two new character songs, "I Didn't Know It Was There," and the latest, "Willie We Have Missed You," have completely caught the town. Marie Dressler, too, the popular and talented character-comedy and burlesque actress, has also made an immense success in her laughable character of Ophelia Crusoe, the landlady of the Anti-Fat Hotel. Several great specialty attractions have been added recently. The Saturday matinees are souvenir occasions. Every lady is presented with a fine cabinet photo of one of the artists in the principal cast, taken in the picturesque costumes that have been specially designed and created for "Crusoe."

PREMIUM NOTICE.

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only for thirty days.

Here's a Chance to Make Money.

I have worked hard all my life and never had a streak of good luck till the past year, and I think my experience may be beneficial to many others. I have cleared more than $20 a day for over a year selling Climax Dish Washers, and I think any man or woman can do as well as I have, if they only WILL, as I had no experience. It don't take long to get rich clearing $20 a day. Every family wants a Dish Washer, and you can sell them at home; no canvassing. That is why a lady can do as well as a man. I put a notice in the papers, and people send after the Washers. The Climax is far superior to any other Dish Washer. Everybody knows of the Climax now. For particulars address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and they will start you in business, if you will only push. A READER.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast runs over a peerless track, amid the best scenery, the Michigan Central ... make comfort in travel a ... reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

Wisconsin Resorts

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

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Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
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IT WAS CRUEL KINDNESS.

And the Victims Enjoyed Telling Each Other All About Their Woes.

"Some things are all wrong in this world," sighed the girl in the black and white hat, "and I only wish I had a contract to set them straight."

"What would you do first?" asked the girl in the pink shirt waist.

"Do? I'd establish a bureau for teaching young men how to select the right kind of presents for girls, that's what I'd do!"

"H'm! Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea, but I don't know that you would have many patrons. Most of them think they know just what we like, and we haven't the courage to undeceive them."

"Very true. I suppose, however, that men who had been engaged before and widowers and possibly men who have sisters might"—

"Nothing of the kind, my dear. Don't you believe it. Men who have sisters will keep on asking them what to give other girls while this planet endures."

"And those sisters will continue to suggest articles which no girl would ever want or which cost as little as possible," broke in the girl in the blue blouse.

"I fear you are right," sighed the girl in the black and white hat. "That mean Eva told Frank—after I had been a month working him up to it—not to give me a jeweled belt buckle, as she was sure I wouldn't like to accept anything so expensive. She advised him to give me a book of poems instead. Oh, I'll get even with that girl some day, if I live long enough!"

"You needn't, dear," said the girl in the pink shirt waist. "Edwin has done it for you. What do you think he gave her on her birthday?"

"A birthday book, I hope, or"—

"An alarm clock, dear. I was there when it came. It was a fearful blow to her hopes, for she knew as well as I did that no man who had anything but the most platonic feeling for a girl would ever send her such a prosaic thing."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the girl in the black and white hat. "Oh, you ought to see the things Fred brings Dora, now that they are engaged. I believe the chambermaid at his hotel selects them for him. She is ashamed to let any one see them, so she tells him she values them so highly that she always keeps them in cotton wool and under lock and key."

"Yes, she truly loves him," sighed the girl in the blue blouse, "but what will she do with those things after they are married?"

"Tell him the truth about them, I suppose," said the girl in the pink shirt waist. "It will not matter so much then, you know. By the way, did you ever hear how I selected Charley's present for myself and how"—

"I didn't know he ever gave you a present," cried the girl in the blue blouse. "Tell us all about it?"

"Well, I never could be sure whether he liked me or Fan best until one evening when we were both at her house and it happened that she and I both mentioned the fact that we were dying for a solid silver afternoon teakettle. On the way home he asked me to go with him to the silversmith's the next day. I agreed and asked what he wanted me to help select, and when he told me a teakettle I was ready to die of joy."

"Yes, how nice to let you select it yourself. Then you would know just what it costs too," said the girl in the black and white hat.

"That was what I thought, too, and I selected a handsome one, I tell you. I'm sorry now I did."

"Oh, well, he can afford"—

"It wasn't that, dear. It turned out that it was for Fan—and, oh, girls, she gave an afternoon tea just to display it and asked me to assist her. He was there, too, and I had to smile just as if nothing had happened, when I only wanted to deluge him with the hot water."—Chicago Times-Herald.

How to Retract.

The Editor (reading a letter)—"Sir—I wish you to distinctly understand that I will not be traduced in your vile sheet, and I desire that, under pain of personal violence and a civil and criminal libel suit, you withdraw the imputation that is contained in the lines quoted, 'Mr. Horatio Hottebludde is not all that he might have been.' Yours truly, etc., Hottebludde, Esq."

The Editor (composing the full and complete retraction)—"We stated in our last issue that 'Mr. Horatio Hottebludde is not all that he might have been.' We have since been threatened by Hottebludde, and after further and more searching investigation of his record we are pleased now to alter the latter portion of the paragraph, 'he is all that he might have been!'"

This reminds us of the schoolboy who was convicted of saying that his teacher "hadn't the intelligence of a mule." To save a castigation he promised to apologize before his fellow scholars. This was his apology: "I said our usher had not the intelligence of a mule. I was wrong. He has the intelligence of a mule."—Liverpool Mercury.

Mme. Bonaparte.

Mme. Bonaparte's last days were spent in a quiet boarding house in Baltimore. When questioned about her religious belief, Mme. Bonaparte replied that if she ever joined any religion it would be the Catholic, that being the faith of kings and queens; however, she never professed any allegiance to any sect. When any one inquired about her health, Mme. Bonaparte would answer, "I have a disease which medicine cannot cure—old age."

On April 4, 1879, Mme. Bonaparte quietly passed away at the advanced age of 94. Her remains were interred in Greenmount cemetery, Baltimore, where she had a few years before purchased a triangular lot, large enough for only one grave. Her tombstone, besides the date of her death, etc., contains this inscription: "After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

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THE STORY OF A BEAR.

The Truth Came Out In Spite of the $25. Paid to Suppress It.

"There used to be some good hunting up in Maine, about Rangeley lake," said Mr. T. L. Page. "A house that I managed in the little village of Phillips was the headquarters of a lot of Nimrods, who came up every season after big game. Of all the ardent sportsmen, two New Yorkers, chums and partners in business, Messrs. Buckley and Webb, were the keenest lovers of the chase. They were very successful hunters, too, and generally carried off the palm both as to quality and quantity of game.

"One season, however, they met with very poor luck, and after spending about a week in camp, with nothing to show for their labors, started to come to town, with the intention of going home. On their way in they overtook a countryman driving a farm wagon, in the bed of which lay one of the handsomest specimens of black bear that the New Yorkers had ever laid eyes on. The rustic stopped his team to let the city strangers admire his big take. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Buckley. 'What would you be willing to sell your bear for?' said he to the farmer.

"'Well, the state gives a bounty of $10 for every bear, and I reckon if you'll give me $10 more you can have him.'

"Buckley gave the old man his price, with $5 additional, first exacting from him a solemn promise that he would never breathe a syllable of the transaction to any one. Then he and Webb rode ahead, and on reaching the hotel told in most enthusiastic style how they had killed the biggest black bear that had ever came out of the Maine woods. They entered into details of the shooting, and every guest of the house was on the qui vive for a look at bruin, that was coming on a little later. He was such a heavy beast that the mighty hunters were forced to hire an old farmer to bring him in town in a wagon. Pretty soon the wagon hove in sight and a big crowd gathered at the hotel entrance to see him unloaded. Exclamations of delight were heard on every side, and Buckley and Webb were the heroes of the hour.

"Down in the little village of Phillips Old Sol Mayberry, with a bigger wad of cash in his pocket than he had possessed for a long time, was getting very drunk on the proceeds of his sale, and after the third or fourth round of drinks he couldn't resist telling how, on that very morning, he had caught in a trap the finest bear he'd ever beheld, and how he had sold him to two chaps from the city. The facts leaked out in less than an hour, and the conspirators were forced to own that Old Sol had spoken the truth. Their bill for champagne that day was in three figures."—Washington Post.

Indoor Bicycle Riding.

Nowadays every one wants to ride a bicycle, but many do not attempt it because they dread the ordeal of learning. In the first place they dislike the idea of abrasions and bruises, and in the second they can hardly bring themselves to the sacrifice of dignity which the floundering of the beginner usually entail. They need no longer hesitate. The bicycle can now be learned indoors, safe from prying eyes and without fear of falls. A new appliance designed for this purpose consists of a small flywheel covered with rubber and two side wheels fitted with a simple arrangement by means of which it can be adjusted to any kind of cycle in two minutes. Its great advantage is that the rider experiences the same momentum as in a spin on a hard road, while the machine either remains stationary or moves so slowly that in traversing 15 feet the same amount of exercise is obtained as in a mile of ordinary traveling.

Practice can thus be carried on in a hall or room, and riders can gauge the rate of speed their exertions would have given them on the highway. For beginners, children and invalids needing physical exercise this invention is specially adapted, as it stands perfectly steady and enables the difficulties of mounting and dismounting to be thoroughly overcome without danger of falls or bruises. The appliance is collapsible, weighs 15 pounds and can be easily carried in the hand.—Exchange.

Wood Paving.

A nonslipping wood pavement has been recently devised which is claimed to be simple, inexpensive and efficient. It consists in preparing the wooden blocks before they are laid by boring a few holes in them and filling the same with a hard setting substance composed of crushed stone, bitumen and Portland cement. The compound is cleared off even with the surface, and when they are laid the roadway is thus covered with a series of rough spots which arrest the foot of the horse in all conditions of weather, and prevent the animal from slipping. Wood paving is extensively used in England and France.—Northeastern Lumberman.

Division of the Sexes.

One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Freudenthal, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men, and the left one to the women of the congregation.—Berlin Letter.

Right He Was.

"Now," began the orator, "in considering the money question, let us avoid false issues."

"Right you air," shouted Mr. Fallwheat. "I thort I was buyin $3,000 of 'em once, and it turned out to be sawdust."—Indianapolis Journal.

Man is the merriest, the most joyous of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

The Catawissa river, in Pennsylvania, was named from an Indian word that means "getting fat."

WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

A SENATOR'S GOOD FORTUNE BEGAN WITH A GAME OF POKER.

A Boyish Prank That Made It Necessary For Him to Go West and Grow Up With the Country—Members of the Bar Who Tried to Beat the Pet Law of the Town

"My seat in the senate and all I have besides had root in a game of poker."

Here the senator gazed benignantly about his small audience. He was in a reminiscent mood. He was a wise, deep sea little senator, as sapient as ever went into executive session. Now and then he liked to talk about the past.

"It sounds queerly to say it," the senator continued, "but it was a poker game which lost me to the east and gave me to the west, to become in time a senator. This is the story:

"I was born and brought up in a town in Kentucky. It was a small town. You could throw a lariat about the whole outfit and drag it with a pony. But it was a highly moral town. As a community it had a pet law. It made a specialty of enforcing the statutes against gambling. No games of chance could thrive in that community. And no matter what the position in life of an offender, were he guilty of gambling he would be dealt with. Such was the impartial boast of the town. Indeed, as one citizen observed:

"'They would admire to catch a judge or prosecuting attorney violating the law merely to demonstrate the Puritan fairness of local sentiment.'

"It was the June term of the circuit court. There was a crowd of lawyers in town. The judge himself was from down the Ohio river. During the noon hour a quiet game of poker was talked over as one of the happy methods of passing the pending evening. The town had a habit of going to bed at 9 o'clock, and it all promised to be graveyard dull to the visiting lawyers and the judge. Whispered word went about, therefore, that a game of cards, with a meek and lowly limit, would be a good way to ward off care. But there was no place to play.

"The hotel would never do. A light in any room after 10 o'clock would have provoked the most baleful surmises and investigation as well. The prosecuting attorney was one of the foremost in arranging the coming speculation. It was he who, in the fertility of his nature, suggested the flatboat. His father was proprietor of a flatboat of ample cabin accommodation. Just then it was moored, bow and stern, at the foot of the levee. A couple of games were programmed to come off that evening in the cabin of the flatboat. It would be out of sight and hearing of the testy little burg which made a specialty of punishing gambling.

"It was 10 o'clock. The night was as dark as the interior of a cow. Two games were going on in the cabin of the flatboat. The judge, the prosecuting attorney and some nine members of the bar were engaged. It made two nice tables. Everybody was bending to the game with all of the native ardor of a Kentucky gentleman. It was about this time when, in company with a friend, I strolled on the levee in the vicinity of the flatboat. I was 20 years of age and had no money. My friend was equally well fixed. Our youth and our poverty forbade anything like poker so far as we were concerned. On discovering the old folks thus charmingly engaged a taste to be humorous swept over us. We were law students; they were lawyers. That was reason enough for the joke. As the boat rose and fell on the swell and slackened the ropes we cast her loose. Silently she drifted away over the dark bosom of the river. The jovial gamesters drew and filled and straddled and raised and called, all unconscious. At 2 o'clock in the morning Colonel Stebbins had won $70. It was in Mexican money, and he had sinkered it about his honest old frame in half a dozen pockets. It was about all of the money at that table, and Colonel Stebbins concluded he might better go. He murmured something about cold feet and promising his wife to come up to the hotel early and arose to go. The rest jeered mildly and made invidious remarks after the fashion of losers at poker just as the game breaks up. But Colonel Stebbins was inflexible. He put on his hat, bid everybody good night, stepped out into the inky darkness and carefully picked his way overboard.

"The water was 20 feet deep. The silver all but drowned the colonel, however. At last he was fished out and laid across a barrel to evict the Ohio river from his system. The whoops and yells of the voyagers at last brought a sleepy little tug to their aid. They found themselves 17 miles below the town. For $30 of Colonel Stebbins' gains the tug towed the party back.

"They arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and found the town sullenly lining the levee waiting for them. They were one and all promptly indicted. In the frank enthusiasm of youth my friend and I related how we had cast these poker games adrift on the Ohio. We made a grave mistake when we told this story. Publicly we were threatened with indictment; privately we were menaced with death by the gentlemen we had betrayed to the river. We took counsel of our woes and without awaiting the worst went west. This was all long ago—48 years ago. My partner in sin is now a United States judge, while I am in the senate. We often discuss our destinies and lay everything to that flatboat poker game."—Washington Post.

A Sty on the Eye.

When you feel the pricking pain on the eyelid that announces the coming of a sty, make a very strong application of black tea, or simply the tea leaves moistened with a little water put in a small bag of muslin and placed on the eyelid. As it dries moisten again, and if used before the sty gets under way it is said to be a sure cure.

AUTHORS AND MARRIAGE.

The Single State, It Is Said, Is the Best For Literary Men.

When we compare the restrictions of married men with the opportunities of the bachelor, we see that the latter has well nigh boundless possibilities for going into the social world. He has scores of invitations which will never reach his married friends, and he is generally sought after in society until he is almost threescore and ten. Even married women are more interested in him, whether they have a candidate for his hand or not. They talk with him on a wider range of subjects, in which they know he is surer to be interested than those whose chief thoughts are wrapped up in their families. He may have no more invitations to the most notable gatherings than famous married men, but it is in the less pretentious places that most is learned of human life, and he can call where husbands cannot, and so easily study types denied to them. The world lies open in all directions to him. He is not tethered to a stake. He wishes to study the society of a certain city, to write a novel with a local flavor, and he removes there at his own sweet will. He stays abroad as long as he likes, and if he wishes to study the lower classes there he can live in lodgings among them where he would never take his wife.

When we come to investigate the lives of the greatest authors, we shall find that the majority either did not marry, or they were unhappily mated, and hence thrown on the world for consolation and enlargement of knowledge, or they laid the foundations for greatness before marriage.

Among those we may mention in the class of unmarried authors are Alexander Pope, Thomas Gray, Oliver Goldsmith, Edward Gibbon, Charles Lamb, Lord Macaulay, Washington Irving, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade. We ought also to add to this list the giant satirist, Dean Swift, for he never lived with his wife, and Lord Byron, who had only about a year's experience of married life.

We find some great names among the list of the unhappily married. The most enthusiastic advocates of matrimony could scarcely have the assurance to say that it aided or was anything else than a clog to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens or Thackeray.

It would be wearisome to give the names of all those authors who laid the foundations of greatness before marriage, and we shall instance only Milton, Goethe and Dante.—Mid-Continent.

WILD BILL'S HANDIWORK.

A Lasting Memorial of the Desperado's Skill With the Pistol.

On the west side of Market square in Kansas City stands a three story front of buildings known locally as Battle row, from the pugnacious bent of the inhabitants. These lapse into brawls and chance meddle encounters with an ease which should alarm. Up under the cornice of one of the buildings is an Odd Fellows' sign, "I. O. O. F." If one's eyes are sharp, the white paint interior of the first O will show a huddle of gray, weather hued spots very well in the center of the letter. They are the handiwork of that long haired gentleman of the border, Wild Bill.

It was back in the middle seventies when Wild Bill, "by request," and merely to show his witchlike skill with those weapons, stood across the street, fully 100 feet away, and with a 45 caliber Colt's pistol in each hand put all the 12 bullets into the center of this "O." He fired the pistols simultaneously, and the 12 shots made only six reports. The town was smaller at that time and in the interest of science didn't mind a little racket now and then. So Wild Bill's exhibition of crack pistol shooting excited nothing but compliment. Indeed Speers, chief of police then, as well as now, was one of the most interested lookers on, and emphatically indorsed the exhibition as one of the most skillful tricks with pistols it had ever been his luck to see.—Washington Star.

Keeping Everlastingly at It.

Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success! As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business sometimes prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—Electrical Review.

Tennyson's Gruffness.

There are many stories of Lord Tennyson's peculiar gruffness of manner. On one occasion he was at a garden party, and somebody offered him a sandwich. He was laboriously munching this when the hostess rushed up to him with anxious inquiries about his health and entertainment. "Thank you, madam," he said. "I am eating a sandwich. Are your sandwiches usually made of old boots?"

A Reasonable Mistake.

"Young man," said the nearsighted passenger, "would you mind getting up and giving this old gentleman a seat?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the bloomer girl and the bearded lady simultaneously.—Chicago Tribune.

In 1855 extremely cold weather prevailed in the United States. Mercury froze and forest trees were killed by the frost.

The Atchafalaya river, in Louisiana, was named by the Choctaws. The word means "long river."

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Flannigan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Gilligen, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Ancnor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; H Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

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Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 521 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 243 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lessage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 55 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3330 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a . Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Wasash and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1043 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 100 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 861 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1068 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, Joseph Schaefer, 2901 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, Joan W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 534 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Furner. Meet 1st and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, F J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 Laflin av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clearisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5312 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cotter, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5509 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Scamitt; T, L B Senagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2933 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, Jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 202 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st R S, A P Dease, 252 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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ESTATE OF MARY A. RYAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary A. Ryan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

MICHAEL J. DOHERTY, Administrator.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ANNIE MURRY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Annie Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1895, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 21, 1895.

JAMES O'LEARY, Executor.

Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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